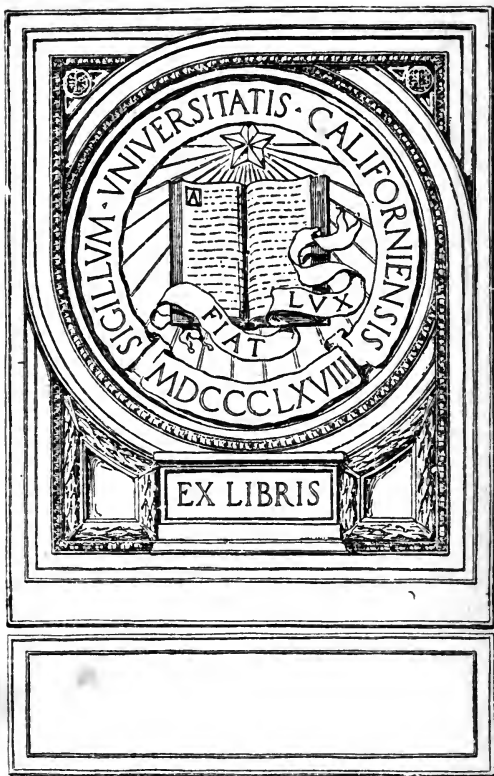


How To Visit Europe  
On Next To Nothing  
E·P·Prentys





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# How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing

*With Memoranda of Actual  
Expenses, Coinage Tables, etc.*

BY

E. P. PRENTYS



NEW YORK  
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1912

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P8

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Published, May, 1912



## PREFACE

Most people want to go to Europe, I amongst the number. But almost everybody seems to think that a European tour is necessarily expensive. Of course it may be so; but I have faith that with common sense, some knowledge, and a minimum supply of dollars, a splendid vacation of eight weeks in length, or more, may be enjoyed upon the other side at a very small cost indeed.

I am now going to prove this to unbelieving friends and intend to set out with three hundred dollars in my pocket and a stern resolution not to exceed this amount by one cent. I have talked my scheme over with Comrade, who, dazzled by my mention of continental resorts, Paris, London and a score or more other places has agreed to accompany me. This will lessen the cost, in a way, as we shall share rooms, carriages,

etc., but for the sake of others, who will assuredly follow where I lead, I shall put down the expenses as one person, doing the same things alone, would find them.

In order to refute the insinuations of scoffers I am going to keep strict accounts, entering in this, my diary, every dollar I spend, as well as all my joys, together with such information as will enable other adventurous souls to follow in my footsteps.

My intentions are to travel comfortably, but not luxuriously, to avoid the hostelries and vehicles patronised by millionaires. I cannot compete with them in the tips they shower (if I would have money left for my own enjoyment) and so see instead of liveried servants, the real life of the people and everything of true interest in the countries I visit.

The greater number of the sketches in this little book appeared serially in *Vogue*, and it is with the consent of the Vogue Publishing Company, that these are now reissued in book form.

## COINAGE TABLES

English	American
1 halfpenny (or 2 farthings)	= 1 cent (or "penny.")
1 penny	2 cents.
1 shilling (or 12 pence)	= 1 quarter (lit. the shilling is worth 24 cents.)
1 florin	= 50 cents.
Half a crown	60 (and 2) cents.
1 pound (or sovereign)	5 dollars (less 20 cents.)

### SCALE:

English:—4 farthings=1 penny. 12 pence=1 shilling.  
 20 shillings=1 pound.  
 American:—100 cents=1 dollar.

English	French
1 halfpenny (or 2 farthings)	= 1 sou (or 5 centimes).
1 penny	= 10 centimes.
1 shilling	= 1 franc 20 (or 120 centimes).
1 florin	= 2 francs 40 centimes.
Half a crown	= 3 francs.
1 pound (or 20 shillings)	= 25 francs.

### SCALE:

English:—4 farthings=1 penny. 12 pence=1 shilling.  
 20 shillings=1 pound.  
 French:—100 centimes (or 20 sous=1 franc. 100 francs  
 =1 louis.

English	Norwegian
1 halfpenny (or 2 farthings)	= $3\frac{3}{4}$ øre.
1 penny	= $7\frac{1}{2}$ øre.
1 shilling (or 12 pence)	= 90 øre.
2 shillings (1 florin)	= 1 Krone 80 øre.
Half a crown	= 2 Krone 25 øre.
1 pound (20 shillings)	= 18 Krone.
20 pounds	= 360 Krone.

## SCALE:

English:—4 farthings=1 penny. 12 pence=1 shilling.  
20 shilling=1 pound.

Norwegian:—100 øre=1 Krone.

American.	English.
1 cent.....	1 halfpenny (or 2 farthings).
25 cents.....	1 shilling (and a $\frac{1}{2}$ penny).
50 cents.....	$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{A florin (and a penny)} \\ \text{2 shillings (and a penny).} \end{array} \right.$
1 dollar.....	
5 dollars.....	1 pound (and 10 pence).
100 dollars.....	20 pounds (and $16\frac{1}{8}$ ).
500 dollars.....	1 hundred pounds (and £.34).

## SCALE:

American:—100 cents=1 dollar.

English:—4 farthings=1 penny. 12 pence=1 shilling.  
20 shilling=1 pound.

American.	French
1 cent.....	1 sou (or 5 centimes).
25 cents.....	1 franc 25 centimes.
50 cents.....	2 francs 50 centimes.
1 dollar.....	5 francs.
5 dollars.....	25 francs (or 1 louis and 5 francs)

# COINAGE TABLES

ix

100 dollars.....	500 (and 4) francs.
500 dollars.....	2500 (and 20 francs) or
	.....500 (and 1) louis.

## SCALE:

American:—100 cents=1 dollar.

French:—100 centimes=1 franc      20 francs=1 louis.

American	Norwegian
1 cent.....	3½ øre
25 cents.....	90 øre
50 cents.....	1 krone 80 øres
1 dollar.....	3 krone 60 øre
5 dollars.....	18 krone
100 dollars.....	360 krone.
500 dollars.....	1800 krone.

## SCALE:

American:—100 cents to the dollar.

Norwegian:—100 øre to the krone.

# ERRATA

p. vii. 1 pound (or 20 shillings)=24 francs.

p. viii. 500 dollars.....104 pounds 3s. 4d.

These coinage tables are not worked out to exact decimals, but give approximate values.



# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. INTENTIONS AS TO COST, MODE OF TRAVEL- LING, BAGGAGE, INSURANCE, ROUTE, RIGHT TIPS, DETAILS WHICH MAKE FOR PERSONAL COMFORT ON THE WAY, ETC. MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	I
II. FIRST DAY ON THE CONTINENT, ARRIVAL IN LONDON, HOTELS AND NECESSARY AR- RANGEMENTS TO MAKE IN REGARD TO LANDING — MEMORANDUM OF EX- PENSES . . . . .	II
III. SECURING LONDON LODGINGS, ADVANTAGES OF CERTAIN DISTRICTS, GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY, WITH A HINT OF THE ROMANCE OF IT—WHERE TO DINE, ENGLISH METHOD OF COLLECTING BAG- GAGE, AND TRANSFERENCE OF ALL BE- LONGINGS TO TEMPORARY ABODE . . . . .	24
IV. BEGINNING OF SIGHTSEEING—THE RIVER, TOWER, MONUMENT, ACADEMY, PIC- TURE GALLERIES—METHOD OF OBTAIN- ING ADMISSION TO THOSE NOT GENER- ALLY OPEN, MUSEUMS—ALSO A BRIEF MENTION OF HISTORIC PLACES THAT MUST NOT BE OMITTED . . . . .	34
V. ARRANGEMENTS FOR LETTERS, WHITEHALL, METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION, ST. PAUL'S, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AND CATHEDRAL, PARKS, PALACES, NOTE- WORTHY BUILDINGS AND HOUSES, A GENERAL ACCOUNT OF THE RESTAU- RANTS, TEA SHOPS AND LITTLE-KNOWN FRENCH CAFES, ETC., WHICH THOSE WISHING TO MAKE A MODERATE AMOUNT OF MONEY GO A LONG WAY, CAN PATRONISE TO ADVANTAGE—MEM- ORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	44

CHAPTER	PAGE
VI. THE ENVIRONS OF LONDON, HAMPTON COURT, KEW, RICHMOND, EPPING FOREST, GREENWICH AND AN EXCURSION TO WINDSOR AND ETON, WITH COSTS AND WAYS OF GOING—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	55
VII. STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND HOW TO GET THERE—THE DUAL DEITIES—HINTS ON SEEING KENILWORTH, WOODSTOCK OF BLENHEIM . . . . .	67
VIII. THE GLORY OF OXFORD; ITS COLLEGES AND CHURCHES, SPACIOUS QUADRANGLES AND WINDING BACK WATERS—STUDENT LODGINGS AND HOW WE FOUND THEM—HISTORY INCARNATE—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES. . . . .	74
IX. ENGLISH WATERING PLACES—THE CHARMS OF BRIGHTON RIVAL CHARMS OF HOVE, ROTTINGDEAN, WORTHING AND NEWHAVEN—CYCLING EXCURSIONS IN LONDON-BY-THE-SEA—THE PAVILION AND MEMORIES OF GEORGE THE FOURTH—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	80
X. BELGIUM AND HOW TO GET THERE—OSTEND, ITS FASCINATION AND THE SHARP CONTRAST OF BRUGES AND GHENT—NAMUR, DINANT, THE WOODS AND RIVERS OF THE ARDENNES—THE FAMOUS SUBTERRANEAN RIVER AND GROTTA DE HAN—AN UNEXPECTED VENTURE INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	91
XI. BRUSSELS—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO WITH ITS MONUMENT AND HISTORIC FARMS AND CHATEAUX—ANTWERP, A HINT OF ITS GLORIES AND A WARNING TO OTHERS TO STAY LONGER THAN WE DID, WITH METHODS OF LODGING ONE'S SELF COMFORTABLY (WITHOUT UNDUE EXPENSE) IN A FOREIGN CITY—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	104
XII. DARING PROJECTS—FURTHER AFIELD—EN ROUTE FOR THE RIVIERA—LEAST EX-	

# CONTENTS

xiii

CHAPTER

PAGE

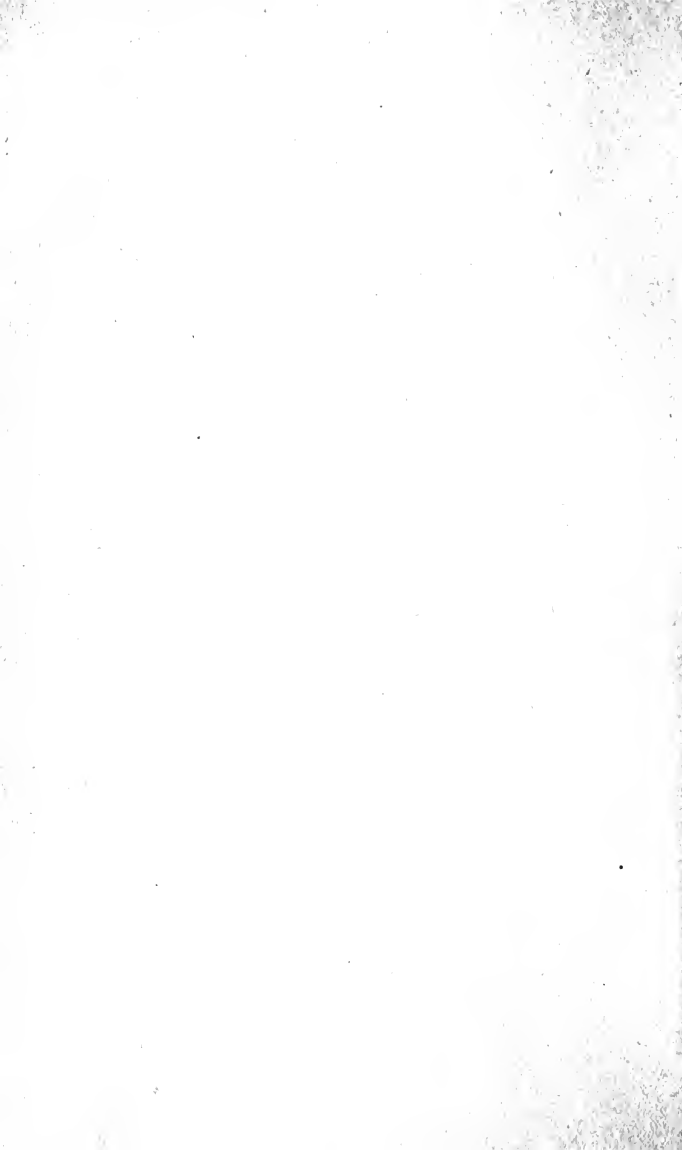
	PENSIVE AND MOST CONVENIENT ROUTES—NEED OF POLICE NOTIFICATION—A STOP-OVER AT ROUEN, THE CITY OF CHURCHES—THE IRONY OF THE REHABILITATION OF THE "MAID OF ORLEANS," AND THE HUMAN TRAGEDY OF HER LIFE—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . . .	115
XIII. IN	FRANCE—"CONSEILS PRATIQUE"—HOTELS AND THEIR INQUISITORIAL PAPERS—LATIN QUARTER HINTS, STUDENTS, HOSTELRIES, CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS—FRENCH TIPPING RULE—"TIP OFTEN BUT TIP LITTLE"—RULES REGARDING OMNIBUSES . . .	126
XIV. THE	JOYS OF PARIS; WHAT TO SEE; NAPOLEON'S TOMB, THE LOUVRE, LUXEMBOURG, NOTRE DAME, STE. CHAPELLE, THE CONCIERGERIE—PRISON OF TRAGIC MEMORIES—THE MARKETS AND BOULEVARDS—VERSAILLES AND WHEN TO GO THERE, ST. CLOUD, AND THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF SEEING IT; RIVER EXCURSION THERETO, WITH TEA IN THE CHALET AT THE END OF IT—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . .	136
XV. MONTE	CARLO—PENSIONS, HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS, ROOMS, PRICES AND LOCALITIES—THE CASINO AND HOW TO OBTAIN ENTRANCE THERETO—"THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO"—OUR DETERMINATION TO RIVAL HIM AND THE RESULT—CONCERTS, OPERAS, VARIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS—LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PLACE . . . . .	145
XVI. ON	THE COTE D'AZUR—MENTONE, NICE, AND THE CARNIVALS—FISHING VILLAGES, MOUNTAIN WALKING TOURS, AND AN EXCURSION OVER THE BORDER INTO ITALY—A CASTING OF ACCOUNTS—RETURN TO LONDON—TOTAL MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES . . . .	156

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVII. AN UNEXPECTED WINDFALL—WILD DESIRES, MUCH DISCUSSION OF MANY POSSIBILITIES AND A SUPPLEMENTARY CRUISE—HINTS AS TO CLOTHES REQUISITE FOR A COMFORTABLE JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—ARRIVAL AT NORWAY . . .	168
XVIII. FIRST GLIMPSES OF NORWEGIAN WONDERS—THE BUKEN FJORD—THE BONDHUS GLACIER—CLIFFS, MOUNTAINS AND LAKES—OUR ANCHORAGE AT SUNDAL—A NORWEGIAN FLOWER DECKED GLEN—THE FOGLEFOND—ONE OF THE FINEST SNOW FIELDS IN EUROPE—MERRY GATHERINGS ABOUT THE GYPSY FIRE—WALKS AND SCRAMBLES . .	174
XIX. DOWN THE FJORDS—VIK—THE HARDANGER—NORWEGIAN RAVINES—AN INTRODUCTION TO STOLLJAERRES—A ROAD BLASTED FROM THE LIVING ROCK—SOMBRENESS OF THE SCENERY—OPPRESSIVE SENSE OF TRAGEDY—THE MARVEL OF THE VORINGFOS WATERFALL, WITH ITS STUPENDOUS LEAP .	181
XX. A NORWEGIAN TOWN—BERGEN, ONE OF THE SURPRISES OF NORWAY—ATTRACTION OF THE SHOPS—WHAT TO BUY—EMBROIDERY FILIGREE SILVER, CARVINGS, FURS, ETC.—WHAT TO SEE—THE OPEN-AIR FISH MARKET, TOWER AND CHURCH—THEN A THOUSAND FEET CLIMB FOR A VIEW INLAND AND OUTWARD TO THE NORTH SEA—THE INNER LEAD—A SAIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION . . . . .	188
XXI. SCENES ON THE WAY—NATIONAL COSTUMES OF THE GIRLS—A DRIVE ALONG THE MARGIN OF THE SANDVEN LAKE—THE TWIN WATERFALLS OF THE LOTEFOS AND SKAARSFOS—A ALSUND DUTCH-LIKE AND MODERN—MOLDE—A NORWEGIAN HEALTH RESORT . . .	194

# CONTENTS

XV

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXII. THE VILLAGE OF NAES—THE VALLEY OF THE WITCHES AND THE ROMSDAL-HORN—DOWN THE WONDERFUL GEIR-ANGER FJORD . . . . .	201
XXIII. FROM OIE TO HAUGEN—ON BY YACHT TO TOSSE—THENCE BY STOLLJAERRE—OVERLAND TO NORHEIMSUND, THE LONGEST AND MOST UNFORGETTABLE DRIVE OF ALL—A LAST VIEW OF THE WONDERLAND OF NORWAY—MEMORANDUM OF ACCOUNTS FOR ENTIRE CRUISE	207



**How to Visit Europe  
on Next to Nothing**



## CHAPTER I

INTENTIONS AS TO COST, MODE OF TRAVELLING, BAGGAGE, INSURANCE, ROUTE, RIGHT TIPS, DETAILS WHICH MAKE FOR PERSONAL COMFORT ON THE WAY ETC.—  
MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

EVERYTHING is decided, the first steps have been taken, the first money expended and the first tickets bought. Of course, the primary consideration has been the line and boat. It must be remembered that fares are slightly higher on the Atlantic between May and August. However, this is offset when one gets to the European side, as summer vacation tours are in full force. Of course, the earlier a decision is made the greater is the choice regarding location of cabin, but it is always possible to obtain accommodation of a kind even at the last moment, sometimes the better for the waiting, as frequently tickets are returned almost on the eve of sailing. This is a fact, despite what is said to the contrary. The people who find it diffi-

cult to obtain a passage are the millionaires who want special suites, or the freaks who insist upon having a certain number of inches between the head of the bunk and the state room partition. There are people who cannot cross the Atlantic for less than three or five hundred dollars. It is possible to do it comfortably for \$40 or \$45, including tips and incidental expenses, though, of course, not on the largest or fastest ships afloat.

I spent all my spare time for a week going over the "descriptive literature" issued by the various shipping companies and discovered a surprising uniformity of price among them, if second class on a first class steamer is reckoned as equivalent to first class on a second rate (which usually means older) boat.

Of course the locality of the passenger's home must be taken into account when the selection of a point of departure is made, but, other things being equal, it is far pleasanter to go by a "one class ship" than ordinary second, and, if the maximum amount

of pleasure is to be obtained for a minimum expense, a first class passage must certainly be foregone.

There is a good choice of "one class boats" sailing from Montreal to Glasgow, and London by way of Le Havre, and Liverpool, or direct. The Allan, Dominion and Canadian Pacific liners are all worth considering. If one wishes to travel in Scotland, the cheapest route from Boston to Glasgow is by Allan or Anchor lines. The rate is \$35 eastward and \$40 westward single, or \$71 return. If London is to be made the headquarters, a direct boat is, without doubt, the best, and quite as inexpensive when the railroad fare from Glasgow to London is added, for even third-class—a class used in England by everybody save dukes, colonials and American millionaires—the fare is \$6.25.

After due weighing of the pros and cons I chose the good ship "Parisian" of the Allan Line of Royal Mail Steamers and counted that I had made a clear sav-

ing of two weeks' board and lodging, for she is a twelve to fourteen day boat from Montreal! The fare each way is \$40. If a return ticket be taken \$75 pays for the round trip, with the privilege of returning by another route over the same line. This line delivers passengers either at the Commercial Docks, London, or transfers them to a train at Gravesend or Tilbury, sending them by train to Fenchurch St., which is decidedly more convenient, being in the heart of the city and hotel-land, whereas most companies end their responsibility at sea-ports, such as Southampton or Plymouth, and a further payment, of \$1.49 or \$5.75 respectively, has to be made before London is reached.

The only disadvantage of travelling from Montreal is the prevalence of fog around the banks of Newfoundland. In compensation for this there are the beauties of the St. Lawrence and the amazingly calm sea. Comrade and I enjoyed every moment of the way except during the foggy period when the whistle

moaned its warnings at one minute intervals for some thirty-six hours, and there was a constant fear of running down another ship or of a collision with an iceberg. Still, even then there were wonderful pictures when the fog lifted suddenly for the apparent purpose of displaying a fleet of red-sailed fishing boats, or a big sailing ship, drifting silently across our bows.

One stipulation, and one only, did I make with Comrade and that was, that baggage (from the date of sailing to be called "luggage") should be limited to one suit case and one trunk apiece. Excess baggage is a bore and an expense. The main secret of happy travel is to go with little impedimenta, which means, that except for a stand-by trunk to act as a kind of reservoir, you should take only what you can carry in one hand. Wear a hat that a sprinkle of rain will not hurt and pack your umbrella, or, better still, leave it behind, and let buoyancy of spirit carry you through the few showers you will encounter. But remember this, in

your preparations, whatever the season, if will be cold upon the Atlantic. Wear your thickest winter suit, take a steamer rug, and, if possible, a hot water bag.

As for clothes, the less you decide you can do with the better, for things on the other side are marvellously cheap, and, as a rule, somewhat different in fashion. It is a good plan to secure insurance for baggage, for then anxiety concerning the possible loss of it is lessened. Insurance can be effected through the German firm of Mannheim's at the moderate rate of \$2 for a \$200 policy, covering very fully the loss by damage or theft. The principal agents in America are F. Herrman, Manager of the United States Branch of the Mannheim Insurance Company, New York City, and Orr and Wall, Chicago. If personal insurance is desired, a tourist's policy for \$2500 can be obtained from Cook and Sons for \$2.50 or \$5.00, covering a period of one to three months.

If possible, only luggage that can be stowed in the stateroom should be taken, otherwise

tiresome delays will ensue. This must be labelled "Wanted" in addition to your initials and the name of the ship, and bonded through to the docks to save trouble with the customs. It must then be identified before being sent to the cabin.

The first step, after unpacking and arranging one's belongings conveniently, is to secure accommodation at the table next to your chosen travelling companion, and at the "sitting" preferred; if the steamer is sufficiently full to necessitate there being more than one. The second is usually the better, as sufficient time is then left between meals to gather an appetite for the "extras." After the breakfast hour has been ascertained hie thee to the stewardess to arrange a suitable hour for the bath. The deck steward should next be interviewed concerning a chair, the price of which will range (according to steamer) from fifty cents to a dollar.

A twelve or thirteen day trip may seem long, but in reality it passes quickly. The daily round of meals engrosses much time,

as in addition to the ordinary curriculum of breakfast, lunch and dinner, there come "beef tea and biscuits" at eleven, and afternoon tea at 4.50. Amusements, too, are always organized by the passengers, concerts, theatrical performances, dances, masquerades, sports, mock trials, etc., according to the "talent" on board. Then new friendships must be formed, and romances, begun, ended, or watched. Again, all passing ships attract much attention, as do whales, porpoise and the changing colors of the sea, while a never ceasing watchfulness for icebergs is part of the excitement.

As the end of the voyage approaches the question of "tips" looms large upon the horizon. The stewardess and table steward are the most important, unless you have been a bad sailor and required a lot of attention from the deck steward. In ordinary cases a dollar each to the first two suffices. The matter of the head steward and the man allotted to the cabins depends entirely upon what these worthies have done. Women

rarely tip the first, the latter may never have been seen or may chance to be the table attendant also. The only other essential tip is that to bestow upon the man who carries your baggage ashore.

It is well to provide yourself with small change before going aboard, for, at the end of the voyage it is difficult to obtain; even the purser is oftentimes badly provided. Small English money, too, is immediately necessary upon arrival, for, on the other side, porters have to be employed to take the luggage from steamer to train. This is merely a matter of a sixpence (12 cents) limit.

Before land is well sighted there comes a cry of "Letters!" for the pilot brings the mail aboard, as well as news of the outer world, and when these are read you join in the scurry of collecting luggage, if you are going off at the first port, or at least help to swell the murmur of farewells, make a hasty exchange of addresses, promise appointments and remembrance, then scramble ashore to enter a new world

## 10 HOW TO VISIT EUROPE

or stand bewildered in the turmoil of a busy railway station. At last you are upon European soil!

### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

One fare to Europe—half a return.....	\$38.00
Tips, stewardess and table steward.....	2.00
Rent of deck chair.....	.50
Church collections, etc.....	.25
	<hr/>
	\$40.75

## CHAPTER II

FIRST DAY ON THE CONTINENT, ARRIVAL IN LONDON,  
HOTELS AND NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS TO MAKE IN  
REGARD TO LANDING—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

So OUR first day in Europe was spent in Le Havre. We looked on this as a kind of an "extra" thrown in by the shipping company, for neither Comrade nor I had put on our lists the name of "Havre-de-Grace," as it used to be called back in the fourteenth century, when, what is to-day, the second port in France (coming after Marseilles in order of importance) was but a tiny fishing village at the mouth of the Seine.

Perhaps, because it was an unlooked for "foreign part" we enjoyed Le Havre the more. Some people scorned it, dashed on to swallow Rouen in a day, and rejoined the ship exhausted in the evening. Others hastened to Paris. They knew nothing of Havre and its quaint charm, and because of

their ignorance we forgave their scorn. They did not know that nearly four hundred years before the narrow streets had rung to the cries of warring factions.

That once, the famous Prince de Condé, leader of Huguenots, had delivered the town to Queen Elizabeth, for whom it was held through a stubborn year of fighting by the Earl of Warwick, though Catherine de Medici and her son led the besiegers in person. Nor did they realise that some years later Le Havre had become one of France's most important fortresses. They had been playing cards in the saloon and had not even seen the entrance to the intricate docks which are among the finest in the world, offering over 150 acres of safe accommodation for vessels from every part of the globe.

The passage, from the time the ship hangs outside, waiting on tide and a tug boat, in company with a score or so more liners, until the gangway is at last put down and one may walk ashore, is engrossing. The manoeuvring of the big vessels through a waterway as

congested as Broadway or State Street, the marvellous manner in which they are steered through the throng of giant warships, sombre torpedo destroyers and tiny tugs and ferry-boats, makes one gasp, while behind, under lea of the breakwater, the red-sailed fishing boats against a background of dancing water and white-fronted, green-shuttered, French houses, offer a capital field for the kodak fiend.

It is a moot point whether it is best to enter Le Havre when the sun is tinting water, town and low-lying hills alike, or when night-fall gives the place a tinge of mystery, when the outlines of great ships loom vaguely through the darkness, and the intricacies of docks and "bassins" can only be guessed at—When the town lights hang like a pendant from a hillside necklace and the wharves are lined with figures, freed from toil, who come to sing a welcome to ships arriving from foreign lands, and to greet returning friends.

Once landed in Le Havre there is a gen-

eral rush of passengers to the carriages which can be hired for a merely nominal charge, about a quarter per hour. But it is better fun to go exploring according to one's fancy.

In a carriage one must rely upon the knowledge of the Jehu. On foot, in a foreign land, all the world is your friend, and information as to what to see, the history and identity of buildings, etc. is yours for a glance and a smile. The birthplace of more than one celebrity may be sought out in Le Havre, for Bernadin de St Pierre, the author of *Paul and Virginia*, and Mademoiselle de Scudery were both among the notables who first saw the light here.

Comrade and I turned to the right down the quay, in obedience to the captain's directions, and, at the Café Béliot (the name of which we noted as a landmark) found a car, which, for ten and fifteen centimes respectively—as there happened to be a seat vacant in each of the two classes—took us to the post-office at the south end of the Rue de Paris, the main street in the town. Noting

the color of the car, that we might find the right one again, we got off and wandered from side to side of the road (for the shop windows form one of the charms of Havre), buying such trinkets as we liked, resting in the coolness of that centuries old church Notre Dame de Grace, and bartering for fruit in the market place. At length we reached the Café Tortoni in the Place Gambetta, facing the tree-shaded flower market. Here, disdaining an ordinary lunch after our surfeit of formal meals on the ship, we regaled ourselves with quaint, tall glasses of "café au lait" and delicious "croissants au beurre" as the French call those nicest of all the "little breads" with butter, for the modest sum of twelve cents apiece. Even at this restaurant, table d'hôte déjeuners can be had for fifty cents, while at many a little café down the Rue de Paris and other streets a quarter pays for a three course meal with cider.

What would we do next, we debated, as we noted the picturesque effect given by the

narrow streets and the bassins that enable big ships and tall masts to be a feature of the shopping district. The manner in which they crop out in unexpected quarters and odd corners is a thing to be preserved in a photograph. Should we saunter down to the fashionable "Frascati" for the noisy delights of the casino? Should we take the funicular and be drawn up to the suburb of St. Adresse where the finest view of Le Havre and its surroundings can be obtained? Or should La Heve, which offers the attraction of lighthouse as well as a view, secure our attendance? Then, as Comrade reminded me, there were still the gendarmerie, the stock exchange, courts, picture gallery, museum and city hall to be seen, if we would "do" Le Havre properly. I waved her suggestions aside. Should we devote precious time to such ordinary things when we were within half an hour's journey of some of the most interesting of the smaller places in all historic Normandie? Fifty cents would take us to Honfleur, rich in dramatic memories of the

French Revolution of 1848 inasmuch as it was there that Louis-Philippe and Marie-Amélie, Queen of France contrived to rejoin after their hasty flight from Paris. It was in the Pavillon de la Grace, still standing on the hill behind the white town, that the two, each forgetful of self, listened to the debating of their frightened councillors as to how they might be sent safely to British soil. Louis-Philippe would not risk, for his wife, a crossing on the wild March night when only a daring fisherman could be persuaded to venture forth, and the packet-boats could not run. And she, frantic with the fear of what might have befallen her children, clung to her husband, refusing to be parted, until they persuaded her that by remaining at Honfleur she might divert those in pursuit of the king. Then he went forth in an uncertain endeavor to find a boat, having yielded to her petition that if he were arrested she would be permitted to join him. Royalty was forgotten, they were man and woman in the face of grave

danger, the realisation of that other revolution was strong in their minds—and the mob spirit of the French people had broken loose.

One is glad to remember that, when foiled in his attempt, the king returned from Trouville, they ultimately reached the haven of an English boat together, and, under plebian English names, gained English shores in safety.

But Comrade shook her head. Had we not vowed to see Trouville, that gayest of gay French watering places? I remembered that a fellow passenger had told us that "Coney Island isn't in it with Trouville," and capitulated. Trouville it must be; we knew that it was a forty minute journey across the water, that the boats started from the front and that the fare was, first class, thirty-four cents each way, second, eighteen. Praying for luck regarding the catching of boats we sought the jetty and a time table, then set off for what seemed a brief hour on a gorgeous stage. Trouville is certainly like

a play on a gigantic scale so far as the toilettes of the actors are concerned. One lives to dress at Trouville, and enormous prices are spent on bathing costumes. We gasped as we came suddenly upon the sands for we felt that we had stumbled unwittingly upon a masquerade where swimming took the place of dancing. It was impossible to realize that such wondrous costumes were for daily use. Here were girls like mermaids with attendant squires in marvellous scale-like creations strolling about with the white sands and dancing waters for a background, while for an audience was a vast, fashionable assemblage of their friends.

Trouville is a village for millionaires, a place where the "simple life" is sought at a vast expense. Everyone goes donkey-riding and bathing in the morning, to promenade concerts in the afternoon and to dances in the evenings. Everywhere the supreme desire is to outshine all others and to wear the costume that costs the most. The memory of Trouville will be one of colour and ex-

travagance. We turned from it to seek out Caen amid its green meadows, and in its tranquillity found a sense of relief.

Caen was here to be sacked by the English nearly nine centuries ago and is rich in historic remembrances. Charlotte Corday, in her girlhood, walked the streets that men call prosaic today. The house of Beau Brummel—the greatest dandy the world has ever known, can still be visited. And, for the *pièces de resistance* are the tombs of William the Conqueror and Matilda—those monuments built by way of penance for marrying within the proscribed degree. Alas, a clock struck, and we gazed at one another in amazement. Our day in Normandie had fled.

We hastened back to the ship to exchange experiences with the little group of passengers who were continuing their way to England.

A night of rest—then the white cliffs of Dover—the eagerness of locating “the first church ever built on England’s shores”—the “first lighthouse ever erected”—and Wal-

mer Castle, the fortress wherein is a gun with the quaint inscription——

“Load me well and train me true,  
I'll drop my shell into Calais blue.”

And it is believable for the faint outline of France can be seen across the channel. Next we passed the dangerous Goodwin Sands, then seaside resorts, known through book and paper, Margate, Deal and a score of less known places, all so close that houses can be distinguished without the aid of glasses. Then the broad estuary of the river Thames, the gradually narrowing banks, and Greenwich, from which the English-speaking world measures its longitude. At last the landing, and the sudden realisation that the ship is no longer your home; that henceforward you must find for yourself in an unknown country.

“What hotel?” becomes the question of the hour. The Cecil is known to all men—a great caravanserie beloved of Americans—the rate for a single bedroom is 1.25 per day, breakfast sixty to seventy-five cents, luncheon another seventy-five, with dinner at a dollar

and a quarter. The Great Eastern Hotel, more patronised by English people, has much the same charges and is more convenient to Fenchurch Street being only a two cent omnibus ride distant. Midway between these, in both distance and price, lies the Hotel Kenilworth of Great Russell Street wherein you are provided with a comfortable bedroom, a bath and breakfast for the inclusive price of \$1.25. But it is well to telephone around from the station and ascertain where accommodation can be provided. When a resting place for the night has been found, peace of mind returns, and an omnibus ride, to get a bird's-eye view of London, with dinner at any restaurant that attracts the eye, usually provides sufficient amusement for the first night, with the added excitement of trying to catch the English accent and master the curious if infinitesimal differences in phraseology.

England is a land where everyone has time to answer questions and the politeness, even of motor 'bus drivers to each other, positively makes the stranger giddy.

# ON NEXT TO NOTHING 23

## MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

### A DAY IN NORMANDIE.

Cars, 20 centimes.....	\$ .04
Boats, one franc eighty.....	.36
Coffee, rolls and butter, 60 centimes.....	.12
Waiter's fee, 10 centimes.....	.02

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\$0.64

### FIRST NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

Dinner, two shillings.....	\$ .50
Omnibus fares, sixpence.....	.12
Cloak room charge for trunk, two pence.....	.04
Hotel, one night, five shillings.....	1.25
Breakfast, half a crown.....	.60
Extras, two shillings.....	.50

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\$3.01

## CHAPTER III

SECURING LONDON LODGINGS, ADVANTAGES OF CERTAIN DISTRICTS, GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY WITH A HINT OF THE ROMANCE OF IT—WHERE TO DINE, ENGLISH METHOD OF COLLECTING BAGGAGE, AND TRANSFERENCE OF ALL BELONGINGS TO TEMPORARY ABODE.

IT is an easy matter to find temporary lodgings in London. Streets on streets of houses in various localities seem to be set apart for the especial accommodation of transients.

For the most part, Americans go to Bloomsbury—that district in the neighborhood of the British Museum which seems to consist of boarding houses alone. It struck me, and also Comrade, that there would be a want of wisdom in paying for what we did not get, and we certainly should not feel inclined to return to our lodgings for the sake of a meal, supposing we were at the other end of this great London, even if time were not precious.

Accordingly we decided to take rooms only, so wended our way by motor 'bus to Victoria

Station in the south west district. We walked up Buckingham Palace Road beside the station, went over the bridge above the lines behind it, and struck diagonally across Eccleston Square to Warwick St., wherein, both to left and right, every second house displays the sign of "Rooms to Let."

To be sure the terraces of ugly houses all alike, and of the same greyness of tone, have a depressing effect, but this gloom is characteristic of all the sections of London where temporary quarters can be obtained.

Comrade turned to the right and I to the left, as we emerged from the shade of the trees in the square, which, by the way, is chiefly inhabited by knights and baronets, courtsey lords and dowager ladies. The agreement was that we should each go to three houses and then meet to compare notes. At my first house they "wouldn't take ladies," and shut the door in haste. Evidently I was not prepossessing! Comrade, at her first venture was told that the rooms had been taken five minutes previously, but at the

other four places chosen from the group between numbers 81 and 101 we fared better and found exceedingly clean comfortably furnished rooms, front and back, for the moderate weekly rental of twelve shillings and eight shillings and six pence respectively, including lights and attendance. Bathrooms seemed rarities, the landladies asserting that "they didn't pay!" This seems no unusual deficiency in London houses of the old type, the only way to manage is to make use of the public baths, where for the modest sum of three pence or sixpence you are provided with an abundance of water, soap and towels.

Warwick St., indeed the south-west district generally, is convenient for sightseers, as it is within walking distance (or a penny omnibus ride) of many of the things one wants to see. Buckingham Palace is only ten minutes distance afoot, and, when royalties are in residence, perpetual pageants are to be seen. The Mall and Constitution Hill outside the Palace, form excellent vantage grounds. Again, besides being within easy reach of the

parks, St. James, Green and Hyde, greatly used by Londoners, it is comparatively close to the river on which ply boats though not so frequently as they ought. When going to the city this is an exceedingly pleasant way of travelling and as one journeys under the bridges, down beside the Embankment, the great hotels and clubs are seen. A splendid view, too, is obtained of the Houses of Parliament, on the terrace of which, if it be afternoon, guests of the members sit at dainty tea tables. Lower down, comes the famous Temple and yet further on, the turrets of the Tower stand out. You can picture to yourself the time when the Thames was the greatest thoroughfare of the city, and kings and courtiers wended their way down it, in gaily bedecked barges. Nobles were taken by the same route to be landed at "Traitor's Gate" and beheaded on Tower Hill!

We did not neglect practical matters in our excitement, remembering to stipulate with our landlady that there should be "no extras" and arranged for breakfast, which seems to

cost, in London, sixpence, eightpence or a shilling according to your requirements.

These details being settled we boarded a Vanguard omnibus as it swept by the door, descended at Victoria and went by underground electric to the city, for our boxes had been left in the cloak room at Fenchurch St. Station. The railway company undertook to send them to our new abode in Warwick St. that night, or early next morning, for ninepence apiece. It was our intention to sort things out a bit and then send to storage a trunkful of such things as would not be needed until we set out to return.

The first little matter arranged we went off to lunch at the famous Cheshire Cheese, content in the remembrance that all our worldly possessions were insured.

We were lucky, in as much as it was a Wednesday and therefore "pudding day," at the ancient restaurant we had selected to provide us with our first luncheon. When we came to Wine court and found it a narrow turning off Fleet St. and then discovered

the Cheshire Cheese itself (in much the same shape as it had been in the days when Dr. Johnson dined there), with its sanded floor and low-ceilinged room, our spirits soared, for it was to see old London, as much as modern, that we had crossed the seas. The sight of the book of the autographs, of the celebrities who have dined there, is alone worth the two shillings charged for the beef-steak pudding!

Like giants refreshed we went back to the hotel where we had spent the night, collected our bags from the office, hailed a hansom and drove to Warwick St. It was a decided novelty to be whirled along in a two wheeled box amid ponderous omnibuses, tooting motors, speeding cyclists, four-wheeled cabs and other hansoms. It seemed as if all London's seven millions must be in the endless line of vehicles until we looked on the pavements. Then we wondered that there were yet people enough left to fill the cabs! And the police! At first we looked at them with startled eyes. Surely something terrible must have happened

in the surrounding districts. Why else this appalling number of men in blue? They were at every corner and not singly, but in groups! It was not until we had driven a considerable distance that we realised that, in London, you are rarely out of sight of the uniformed guardians of the peace.

Suddenly Comrade pinched me. "We are in London," said an awed voice. "Do you realise it? This is *London!*"

In truth, the responsibility of finding a lodging, and the gathering together of our scattered belongings, had so engrossed me that I had not realised, to the full extent, and now awoke with a start.

We were in London—exploring a city that had been a city many years B. C. It was modern London, the city that draws to it hundreds and thousands of sight-seers from all parts of the world. The London to which the best the world produces, by brain as well as muscle, is sent each year. Literary London, artistic London, the London of Romance!—Romans,

Saxons, Normans and Danes have given their lives to it in past ages, as do the moderns when the need is sounded to-day. Above all it is the city of our forefathers, the city we know so well—by hearsay!

On the fast passing omnibuses around us we saw such names as Aldgate and Bishopsgate. They are existing reminders of the old London that, as a walled city, was besieged by land and water, ravaged by disease and destroyed by fire. Other familiar names met our eyes. Paternoster Row, and Carmelite St. Whitefriars and Blackfriars—reminders that once two thirds of London had consisted of convents and monasteries, when Benidictines, Dominican friars, Franciscans, Augustines and Carthusians jostled each other in the streets. For London grew year by year despite efforts to prevent it. Even Elizabeth's decree, that all empty houses less than seven years old should be pulled down, and no new ones should be erected, had little effect. Holborn and Bloomsbury through which we had

passed were once country resorts to which people went for change of air. This busy Fleet Street famous for its associations, was a suburb away back in the fourteenth century. Then, names meant something. Moorfields signified *fields*, and Covent Garden was a *garden*. The Strand was once a busy waterway. Fleet St. a swift flowing river. To-day it can only be realized when the eyes are shut. Open them, and the modern swamps the old; save for a reminder given by some quaint costume worn by an occasional school-boy, messenger or family retainer. Old London is dead. Modern London sounds in the ears and assails the eyes—the London of the tourist the taxi and the motor omnibus! But still, in odd corners stand the old buildings around which our forefathers fought—the ancient churches wherein they worshipped.

Other cities in other lands have wider streets and higher buildings. They may lack some of London's millions but, to the ordinary eye, the crowds elsewhere seem as

vast—at least in sections. Such cities have the wonder of the present, the hint of the future. London has the glamour of the past—so London calls to us, children of the younger lands.

## MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Omnibus and Underground fares.....	\$ .12
Transference of trunk.....	.18
Lunch, etc.....	.74
Taxi cab.....	.62
	<hr/>
	\$1.66

## CHAPTER IV

BEGINNING OF SIGHTSEEING—THE RIVER, TOWER, MONUMENT, ACADEMY, PICTURE GALLERIES—METHOD OF OBTAINING ADMISSION TO THOSE NOT GENERALLY OPEN, MUSEUMS—ALSO A BRIEF MENTION OF HISTORIC PLACES THAT MUST NOT BE OMITTED.

OUR real sightseeing has begun. It will be hopeless to put down in this, my diary, every individual thing we see and do, for the Old World is so full of wonders, therefore I shall just make notes to help my memory, and to aid those who follow in my footsteps, to get their full measure of joy.

For our first objective we chose the Tower of London, that ancient structure, fortress, palace and prison successively, that has been so bound up with English history. For equipage to carry us thereto, Comrade and I selected a boat at Vauxhall Bridge, and so went our way down the historic river where, in bygone ages, the Father of King Canute sailed his "great fleet of ninety-

four ships," in an attempt to conquer London—a feat in which his son succeeded.

Our only regret was that we could not land at "Traitors' Gate." It would have been such a picturesque way by which to enter the Tower! Instead we had to walk prosaically through an ordinary entrance, leave the camera and obtain a couple of twelve cent tickets apiece, for, despite our vows of economy we had not selected a free day, being too impatient to wait for a Monday or a Saturday.

The twentieth century slipped from our memories as we passed beneath the hoary archways and under the very window from which Lady Jane Grey had seen her husband's headless body carried in, and watched the building of the scaffold upon which she was to be beheaded.

Comrade could hardly be torn from the crown jewels. Such a collection of crowns and coronets running to waste unworn was beyond belief! And then, in addition there were sceptres and crosses, badges, stars and

collars that made one long to break the glass—to say nothing of the sacred anointing spoons that would make such splendid souvenirs! The lust of possession entered our souls. If all those who visit the collection feel as we did, it is lucky for England that she has a never failing supply of incorruptible minions of the law to guard the glass cases! I dragged Comrade from them and we turned to gasp with amazement before a “beef-eater” or “yeoman of the guard.” He was clad in scarlet and wore a lovely ruff and a wonderful hat, to say nothing of knee breeches and long silk stockings. This, he kindly explained to us, was a “high-day and holiday” uniform. Usually they wear blue with red trimmings. On ordinary occasions too, silk stockings are not worn. “It would be bad for the ’ealth,” he ended gravely.

Oh, the curious blending of ancient and modern! For the sake of tradition the old costume is kept in all its glory, but a recognition of the chilliness of the English climate,

and latter day concern for the well-being of the public servants, has persuaded the authorities to provide worsted stockings instead of silk "except for fêtes!" And, while the old moat is still there, a knowledge of hygiene has caused it to be emptied of water and planted with grass!

The White Tower or "Keep" is the oldest part of the fortress and dates to the ten hundreds and the days of William the Conqueror. It was in this Tower that David of Scotland, John of France and the ancestors of half the nobles of the present day were imprisoned. Here Richard the Second signed his abdication and the little princes were smothered while they slept.

Up the corkscrew-like stairway, built in the thickness of the wall and so narrow that we had to go singly, are the state apartments. We peered at the vast collection of armour; admired the brightness of the artistically arranged arms; marvelled at the array of ancient notables upon their prancing armour-

clad steeds; called up vague memories of tragic happenings at the sight of the illustrious names carved on the walls; shuddered as we looked at the thumb-screws, the headsmen's axe and other instruments of torture. Then wandered out to the site where once stood the scaffold on which Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, the Countess of Salisbury and the Earl of Essex (who once owned the Tower and only yielded it up as the price of his ransom) met their doom, as did that pathetic young figure, the ten-day-queen, Lady Jane Grey. It was a great moment for us, of course, but somehow, as we stood in the river breeze, the past seemed very long ago. The modern dress of the soldiers about the Tower, the sunlight on the gloomy old place and our own exhilarating sense of exploring made us unable to realise the tragic side of our surroundings. But we should have turned away with due decorum had not a young country bumpkin, reading, to his companion, the inscription concerning the victims of the

headsman's axe, concluded it, in the same monotone, with the brief comment "Poor beggars!" We left the Tower hurriedly.

It is not wise to do too much pleasure hunting at a time, but when we came unexpectedly upon the 202 feet high Monument—raised in commemoration of the great fire which destroyed London in 1666—we paid our three pence in the heat of our excitement and started up the narrow stairway before we realised what we were undertaking. Outside, the slits in the pillar are barely noticeable, inside they begin by being fair sized windows, but the angle at which they dwindle off, and the thickness of the wall, prevents much light entering, and our way up was felt rather than seen. It seemed to be miles before we found our gasping way out into the little railed inclosure at the top of the Monument, but the panorama of London spread out before us was worth the struggle. It lay beneath us looking like a vast model. What startled us was the number of churches

and the oddness of their locations. They show clearly how business has usurped what were once residential districts. On the street level they are hidden away down narrow lanes and behind buildings, and so escape notice. From the Monument their tall spires seem to rise in every direction, the grime of the city's smoke and soot giving place to whiteness as they taper towards the top. Over all, hangs the bluish haze of London that gives so charming a vagueness of outline to the commonest objects.

Down the ribbon-like, twisting river, apparently on the wrong side and miles distant, we saw Westminster Abbey; looking in the other direction the high, curious form of the Tower Bridge. Even the dome of St. Paul's, with the golden ball above it, seemed small and far off, while in the near foreground the busy streets looked so attractive that we hastened down to them again, to wander where we would among the Jewish and costermonger quarters, until hunger sent us back to more civilised parts, and we sought

to appease it at a "Slater's" within sight of St. Paul's.

It seems days since I had time to enter up anything in this diary, but that is only because the hours are so filled with new impressions. Thank Heaven the dates are moving slowly! We have been to picture galleries galore. The Tate Gallery (once a prison) where a fine group of Watt's are to be seen as well as gems by other modern masters. The Wallace collection—which must on no account be missed—the Diploma Gallery (that adjunct to Burlington House of which few people seem to know), engrossing because it contains a presentation picture by every Royal Academician. The Royal Academy itself, to see which we utilised a spare evening, (it is open at nights at half price during the last week) and the National Gallery to which we went on a "student's day," paying sixpence for the fun of seeing embryo artists at work upon copies of the old masters.

There were yet more galleries to see, as well as the private collections, tickets to view which can always be obtained through the embassy, but the days were passing, so we turned from them to the markets and went from Smithfield, where the great patriot Sir William Wallace (beloved of all readers of the *Scottish Chiefs*) was beheaded, to Billingsgate, in our search for adventure. Covent Garden claimed us early one morning and we rose soon after sunrise to visit that busiest of the world's markets where produce from every quarter of the globe arrives in drays and wagon loads, and many colored fruits, flowers and vegetables, piled in profusion, offer such a field for pictorial effect that the scene is the despair of photographers, though the delight of artists.

One thing we learnt early in our peregrinations, and that was, when in going over interesting places, a policeman looked enquiringly at us, it was advisable to nod intelligently and to join, in a casual manner, the unostentatious group behind him. This

is the invariable prelude to the showing of some sacred spot "to which visitors are not usually admitted." On emerging it is customary to drop twopence into the cicerone's accidentally outstretched palm.

(Note. Expense account will be given at the end of the two weeks spent in London.)

## CHAPTER V

ARRANGEMENTS FOR LETTERS, WHITEHALL, METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION, ST. PAUL'S, WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AND CATHEDRAL, PARKS, PALACES, NOTEWORTHY BUILDINGS AND HOUSES, A GENERAL ACCOUNT OF THE RESTAURANTS, TEA SHOPS AND LITTLE-KNOWN FRENCH CAFES, ETC., WHICH THOSE WISHING TO MAKE A MODERATE AMOUNT OF MONEY GO A LONG WAY, CAN PATRONISE TO ADVANTAGE—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

WE have only just discovered the first of the antedeluvian methods of doing business which we had heard were customary in England. When we decided upon coming over, knowing our address would be uncertain, we directed everyone to send letters to the *poste-restante* section of the Charing Cross Post Office—it looked central on the map. To-day we sallied forth to call for mail and learnt that there was a cast iron rule forbidding anyone to use the convenience for longer than one month! Supposing you, being out of reach, write to ask that any

epistles awaiting you may be forwarded. That communication dates the commencement of your privilege though no letters may come for you for a fortnight afterwards. The only thing to do is to outwit the authorities by arranging to utilise successive offices. Another plan is to address to the American Express Company, but this means frequent expeditions to the Haymarket.

This little discovery was made on a Saturday morning when we had been exploring the Houses of Parliament, peopling the House of Commons with famous men of the present day as we looked at the vacant leather covered benches, and revelling in the stillness and magnificence of the House of Lords, as we ventured to seat ourselves for a moment on the almost sacred "woolsack." We had then slipped into that magnificent Gothic structure the Abbey, as the last rolling notes of the organ were dying away, and joined the little procession of sightseers, (mainly consisting of Americans) who were awaiting the convenience of a guide.

The highest honour England can bestow upon her greatest men is burial in the Abbey, and for centuries past the noblest have been here laid to rest. Busts and tablets commemorative of those who have won fame in war, exploration, science, art and religion, fill the aisles. A realization of our own youth is forced upon us here. Another sense impresses one—one of desecration. The tombs of England's illustrious dead should not be turned into a sixpenny peepshow! Again, the effigies need restoring badly, tourists have wrenched crests from the biers, and, in some cases have actually carried off the small sculptured heads and limbs as souvenirs!

Comrade and I like better than the tombs and chapels, the stillness of the "long drawn aisles," wherein, beneath our feet, are engraved the names of those known to us from childhood. We stepped carefully towards that of Charles Dickens, for there is an uncanny sensation in walking over the dust of the dead, and upon the stone above the nove-

list some travelling American had laid a bunch of flowers and a tiny stars and stripes!

We left hoping to be in time to see the changing of the guard at Whitehall, but missed it, so, after snatching a glance at the window through which Charles the First passed to execution, we caught that best of all London's means of locomotion, an "electrobus" to go to St. Paul's, for we were in the mood for churches. On the way down Fleet St, however, we became fired with a desire to go over whatever part of the Temple it was permissible to visit. The very arch of it carried us back to the time of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, the Knights Templars and Sir Walter Scott (for was it not once owned by Aymer de Valence, hero of Castle Dangerous?) before the Knights of St. John claimed it and leased it out to students, a practice which has continued to this day.

To those accustomed to modern flats the stone stairway, and rear-like entrance, may not seem imposing, but the chambers are the

most sought after in London, by certain classes, and those barristers and writers who become tenants of even the third and fourth generation of sub-lessees, count themselves fortunate.

The Temple church is Norman, and well worth a visit, while the halls are one of the sights of London. The walls are panelled in old oak, and these panels, like the windows, are crested with the coats-of-arms of the famous men who have been readers to the students. At one end of the great dining hall is the very stage upon which Shakespeare acted *Twelfth Night* with a Queen for his audience. Elizabeth sat at the oak table which was made from the wood of the ship in which Drake sailed round the world, and herself led the applause, for Elizabeth enjoyed life as should her father's daughter.

In love of contrast we laid aside our thoughts of Elizabeth and entered the tranquil grandeur of St. Paul's. Even the incessant roar of London sounded dim beneath the great dome into which one gazes

vaguely. Through the distance-giving-haze in the heights, the gleam of gold and gorgeous colour can be seen. Beneath, the torn, singed flags (those symbols of England's warlike spirit), are tombs and tablets commemorative of great men and heroic deeds. The most splendid inscription of all is on the monument to "Chinese Gordon."

"Major-General Gordon, C. B.," so it runs, "Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, and his heart to God. He saved an empire by his war-like genius. He ruled vast provinces with justice, wisdom and power, and lastly, obedient to his sovereign's command, he died in the heroic attempt to save men, women and children, from imminent and deadly peril."

After reading that, the world old flags, which gave the touch of colour needed in the black and white vista of the aisles, seemed to have a new meaning. We passed tablets to soldiers, war-correspondents,

clergy and other famous men, and went thoughtfully down to the silent crypt, made weird by the shadows of those passing without, wherein stands the colossal funeral car of the Duke of Wellington. It was made out of the cannon captured from the French. Here, in the shadows beyond the sarcophagus containing the body of Nelson, flanked by the graves of Collingwood and Cornwallis, we found forgotten statues of men long dead who have been conquered by the ages.—Their very names are unknown to the present generation! But some are remembered, for as we stepped softly over the tombs, past that of Sir Christopher Wren, with its memorable inscription, towards "Painter's Corner," we found, in a niche in the stone of one statue, a visiting card (!) laid there by some vandal from the Western States.

When we recovered our equanimity we set out to climb to the gilded ball above the golden gallery, but found that Britannia was too generous. A sixpenny worth of stairs taxed

our capacity to the uttermost. So, after peeping in at the library, used, as the custodian told us, "by gentlemen, authors and such-like," we stopped at the Whispering Gallery and saw the people in the aisles below looking like Lilliputians. For the first time we realised the glory of colour in the cathedral. Then we started violently. No one was near, yet such an emphatic order to "sit down" was given that we instinctively obeyed. The mysterious voice sounded again and dry facts were delivered in a loud whisper—

"St.-Paul's-was-begun-in-1875-nine-years-after-the-Great-Fire-of-London It-took 35-years-to-build-and cost-one-and-a-half-million-pounds-sterling- There-are-627-steps-to-the-top-and-the-diameter-of-the-galleries-is-112 feet-the-total-height-of-St-Paul's-Cathedral-is 365-feet-the-designer-Sir-Christopher Wren-is-buried-in-the-crypt." The sepulchral voice ceased but no ghost would retail such dryness so we glanced about for the speaker, and, across the circular "Whispering Gal-

lery" saw a toothless old man whispering to a post. It was his voice that had reached us with such weird effect!

Surely London days are flying. We have seen much, but not one-tenth of what we want to! One Sunday morning was spent in watching the notables on "Sunday Parade" in Hyde Park. Another vanished when we went to see the quaintly costumed mites at the Foundling Hospital. An afternoon fled while we sat on penny chairs in the Park, waiting for the Queen to drive by. Warm evenings have melted away at the military promenade concerts in the parks. As for Kensington Palace and the Albert Memorial we only just glanced at them one afternoon when we went to drink tea beneath the great paper umbrellas, of the tea-house in Kensington Gardens. The shopping districts have hardly been touched upon. The British Museum, where we had intended really to study, has scarcely been more than entered. That in South Kensington is almost unknown territory as is also

Westminster Cathedral. Sir Frederick Leighton's House with its interesting studio and wonderful Moorish Hall simply *must* be seen. And what self-respecting person could leave London without having visited the little house in Chelsea wherein once dwelt the sage, Carlyle? Then the memorial tableted buildings must be searched out (according to the list in "What's On"), the homes of Edmund Kean, Byron, Keats, Darwin, Dickens, and a hundred others. And Charterhouse, Thackeray's oldschool, ought to be visited, perhaps the day we seek St. Bartholemew's, the oldest church in London. The King's stables too, at Buckingham Palace, are yet to be seen.

At least we know the restaurants for we have visited most of the famous ones as well as those noted for moderate prices. All Slater's seem good and cheap, while the A. B. C.'s and Express Dairy Companies' shops supply odd meals. The Kardomah of Piccadilly is the nicest and most reasonable place in London for afternoon tea. The

James Fleming restaurants in Oxford Street are marvels of cheapness. At Pinoli's in Wardour St. an eight course French dinner can be obtained for a couple of shillings, while the quaint little "Roche" near-by includes wine at a yet smaller price.

A great advantage in these foreign places is that they are open on Sundays—a day when it is possible to starve in London unless one "knows the ropes."

So far our expenses have been as small as I had hoped.

#### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

##### TWO WEEKS IN LONDON.

Room at eight shillings per week.....	\$ 4.00
Fourteen breakfasts at eight pence.....	2.24
Lunches at an average of one shilling.....	3.50
Dinners (six at one shilling and six pence and eight at two shillings, respectively.....	6.26
Entrance fees, Royal Academy, night, National Gallery, (Student's Day) Monument, three pence, Abbey six pence, Tower one shilling, Foundling Hospital one shilling, St. Paul's one shilling .....	1.80
Park chairs, omnibuses, boats, tips and incidentals	5.74
	<hr/>
	\$23.54

## CHAPTER VI

THE ENVIRONS OF LONDON, HAMPTON COURT, KEW, RICHMOND, EPPING FOREST, GREENWICH AND AN EXCURSION TO WINDSOR AND ETON, WITH COSTS AND WAYS OF GOING—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

OUR sense of the "foreign-ness" of London is wearing away. We no longer hesitate to ask a question in momentary uncertainty as to the language to employ. It is well, for we can spare no more time for exploration of the grand old city if we would learn to know its environs. Henceforward London will be our headquarters only, except for such scraps of days as really must be devoted to seeing hitherto neglected places such as Greenwich, Hampstead Heath, Madame Tussauds, Lambeth Palace (the abode of the Archbishop of Canterbury), the Guildhall, and any particular attractions in the theatrical, musical or royal spectacular lines. For

the rest we shall be out of town visiting nearby places, Richmond, Kew, Hampton Court, Windsor, Burnham Beeches, Virginia Water, Eton and Epping Forest.

Hampton Court can be seen on the same day as Richmond and Kew, if you like, and the speediest method of transport is by the Metropolitan from Victoria, or by tube to Shepherds' Bush, thence by electric tram. But Comrade and I hate hurry, so we set aside advice tending that way, and, on a glorious morning caught one of the few boats that undertake to carry passengers the whole distance. The leisurely journey was just the rest we needed after our strenuous days of sightseeing, and we were delighted with the fascinating glimpses of houseboat life vouchsafed to us en route. Then, too, we passed many a place known to us by name, including Twickenham Ferry, the reaching of which seemed the signal for an outburst of the popular song. Kingston was not far distant—how impossible it is to realise that the little place was once England's capital and the

scene of the coronation of seven of the Saxon kings!

Hampton Court (open to the public daily except Friday) was reached in time for us to lunch at a funny little "Cyclists' Rest," and after that the wonder of the magnificent flowering chestnut trees engrossed us so that we could hardly tear ourselves from them to enter the palace. The mile-long, triple avenue, stretching out to Teddington, is indeed unforgettable when seen in full bloom. The candle-like masses of pink and white flowers reminded us both of glorified Christmas trees!

An omnibus makes the whole distance for a few pence, but we had come out for a restful day, so disdained such a vehicle, preferring instead, after seeing the palace and pictures, the tapestry, rare old china, furniture and orangery, to loiter awhile by the fountain, feed the ancient carp, penetrate a little way into the maze "just to say we had done it," and then ramble slowly through the park in the direction of Teddington. We petted the

gentle deer as they came running to us, while we laid plans for the forthcoming weeks as we rested beneath the magnificent cedars—and lo!—the day was gone.

We could not help being sorry for Cardinal Wolsey when we looked back and saw the palace bathed in sunset colours. It must have been trying to have to pretend that he had built it for Henry VIII. . . . Many sovereigns have inhabited it at one time or another—the Charles', Elizabeth, William and Mary, "Good Queen Anne," and both the first and second Georges. Do their ghosts gather in the gorgeous, deserted halls, after nightfall, when the general public is shut out, I wonder? . . .

. . . . .

We have just returned from Windsor and it has been one of our best days. . . . Let me write about it while the joy is fresh and my impressions are undimmed by others.

Without doubt Windsor Castle is one of the most interesting of all the royal residences in Europe. Imagination often rears

such splendid palaces that reality must fall short of expectations. It is not so with Windsor. We went from Waterloo on an excursion fare—after looking up (in “What’s On”) the days on which the most parts of the palace were on view. Our first view of the castle was from the Hundred Steps, which were built, it is said, by Henry VIII., in order that when royalty lay heavily on him, he might escape unnoticed, to mix with the yokels at the bar of the village inn, or fight with some pugnacious butcher.

Windsor Castle, which has been one of the chief homes of the kings of England since the days of the Conqueror, stands, a stately pile, above a tiny village. The dim blue English atmosphere forms a splendid background for its turrets and towers; one of the fairest views can be gained from the river.

The castle itself deserves first attention; the “state apartments” with their gorgeous ceilings and noble proportions, are worthy of their name. They are fitly the apartments of kings. The damask on the walls has been

woven especially for royal use, and has the famous motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," emblazoned upon it. This is also seen again among the brown oak leaves on the carpets. Costly bric-a-brac decks the halls and much of it has been wrested from England's foes. In a glass case there stands a sacred bird of India, it was taken from Tipoo Sahib after the mutiny, and the Hindi will tell you that whosoever holds possession of the bejewelled trophy shall wield dominant power over India. And there are cases after cases of equally valuable spoils of war. Among them are costly gifts from almost all the peoples of the world. The silver-gilt throne in the throne room is another symbol of victory. The Kings of Kandy formerly rested against its high back, and on the dragons with their gleaming amethyst eyes. Another visible sign of England's triumphs is the colossal bell that hangs in the famous moated tower; it was wrested from the Russians at Sebastapol.

St. George's Hall is almost the finest of

the spacious apartments to be seen at Windsor. It is 200 feet long and breadth and height are practically identical, 34 and 32 feet. Edward the Third built it to serve as a banqueting hall for the Knights of the Garter, and it is now used on state occasion. The ceiling is decorated with the shields and arms of all the Knights of the Garter since the foundation of the order. The banners of the original twenty-five hang beneath the shields, for flags are used, with great effect, everywhere in the castle. Some are ancient flags with gallant histories, and are so worn and singed that they have had to be carefully stitched on to a foundation to keep them together at all. A black flag hangs out, oddly distinct among the colours; it was taken from the Dervishers by Lord Kitchener. Two new ones next catch the eye, they are French, and hang above the busts of Marlborough and Wellington. It is obligatory upon the descendants of these dukes to renew them once a year; if they are not so replaced (so runs the decree), the titles shall lapse. Cer-

tainly a curious tenure upon which to hold two of the proudest names in England.

St. George's Chapel, where the royal marriages take place, is also hung with flags. A banner emblazoned with a knight's arms, hangs above each carved stall. They form a gorgeous avenue of colour leading towards the altar.

If you climb to the battlements of the Round Tower (used as a prison "until 1660!") twelve surrounding counties can be seen, and from the broad east terrace, across the moated gardens, some of the stately homes of England are visible; several can be viewed upon request. Many are to-day inhabited by millionaire Americans! Down beneath the castle, herds of deer are gathered beneath the magnificent, centuries old oaks which stretch away in grand cathedral-like aisles to the equestrian statue of George the Third, some three miles distant down the Long Walk.

One is forcibly reminded of the richness of England in historic and literary memories

when standing on the terraces, or beneath the hoary arches, of Windsor Castle. "What are those grey buildings?" you ask, pointing to some within easy walking distance. "Eton College," comes the answer, and you register a mental vow to go there before you return to the city. Some one else is asking if the distant, white-spired, church, is anything in particular. And you learn that it is Stoke Pogis, and that the little churchyard is immortalised in Grey's "Elegy." Frogmore, the mausoleum wherein lies the "Good Queen," is also within sight, as is Runnymede, where John signed the Magna Charta and so gave Englishmen their long fought for liberty.

Tingling with the thought of the stir and stress of life, and the men who have lived and made the world better, we passed through the quiet cloisters wherein old knights, not blessed with this world's goods, have quarters set aside for them beneath the king's own roof, and here spend their declining years in peace.

One other day in this glorious week will not be denied admission to my diary and that is one we spent picknicing in Epping Forest. It is incredible that such a forest can exist within twelve miles of the hughest city the world has ever known, but it does, and you can walk for hours in the green glades without meeting a soul, even if you go on Bank Holiday, when, according to statistics, thousands will have taken train to the same place. At all seasons the forest has its especial loveliness. In the spring the pink and white hawthorn makes certain valleys visions of fairyland. In the Autumn the rich bracken is tinted to gold and the ground beneath the beeches is thick with glorious, copper-coloured leaves. In winter, the solitude and purity of the untouched snow, and the leafless, frosted, many twigged trees, is unforgettable. In the height of summer the spreading branches rest eyes, weary of streets and buildings, while the larks, thrushes, nightingales and other songsters create an orchestra for you at all times. Herons and kingfishers

may be seen by those who seek—rare butterflies flutter about, and shy deer slip by in haste. It was at High Beech that Tennyson wrote “The Talking Oak.”

It is possible that I have forgotten Richmond?—The day when we went to Kew, revelled in the Gardens and then walked along the footpath by the river to drink tea and eat the famous “Maids of Honour” at a pastrycook’s in the busy little town with which so many royal names have been associated? And then we found our way to the Terrace Gardens to seek the view over the Thames Valley which is said to be unsurpassed of its kind—and seeing we believed—next turned from the ribbon-like river to find White Lodge in Richmond Park for Comrade had been reading “The Heart of Midlothian” and would not rest until the site of Jeanie Deans’ historic interview with Queen Caroline had been seen. I wonder how our expenses are going? Must stop to cast up the accounts!

## 66 HOW TO VISIT EUROPE

### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Rent of room per week, at eight shillings.....	\$ 2.00
Breakfasts .....	1.16
Luncheons .....	1.80
Dinners .....	3.00
Fares .....	2.15
Extras and incidentals.....	.85
	<hr/>
	\$10.96

## CHAPTER VII

STRATFORD-ON-AVON AND HOW TO GET THERE—THE  
DUAL DEITIES—HINTS ON SEEING KENILWORTH, WOOD-  
STOCK OR BLENHEIM.

THE right way to go to Stratford-on-Avon is from Oxford whence it can quickly be reached by rail, or, if you are athletically inclined, by road on a cycle, being only 39 miles off—in this event Woodstock or Blenheim—could be explored midway. We did not do this wise thing but took, instead, a six-and-sixpenny day excursion ticket from Euston. These can be had on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the season, and the trains are so arranged that ample time is given for seeing all the most important sights, though you will doubtless feel that a week would not be too much for Stratford and its surroundings. It is the centre for some of the most interesting points in England. Kenilworth is only thirteen miles distant and for the payment of a sixpence you may ramble

where you will, re-peopling it, in imagination, with the ghosts of Elizabeth and Leicester, or stand and dream in the very spot where the unhappy Edward the Second abdicated his crown. Warwick is half the distance with twice the entrance fee. The famous cathedral and porcelain works of Worcester are what might, in the States, be called "a street length off"—25 miles. England is such a compact little island!

As for Stratford-on-Avon itself, it can be seen in a day, and a sufficiently leisurely day to be enjoyable. Imagine a quiet little village with wide streets, a winding river and picturesque old houses, and you have Stratford—except for Shakespeare and Marie Corelli.

The fact that the one was born here, and the other lives here, attracts thousands, and the requirements of these tourists have called various businesses into existence. Rows of "flvs" stand outside the stations, cyclists' rests, tea-shops, and cafés abound, as do numerous places where portraits of Shake-

speare and Marie Corelli, views of their respective houses, and souvenir spoons commemorative of both, are displayed in equally prominent positions. The rustic who volunteers directions to any Shakespearian spot rarely fails also to indicate the exact location of "Mason Croft," where dwells the authoress of the "best selling novel of modern times."

First in importance as a show place comes, of course, Shakespeare's own home in which he was born in the quaintest of low roofed rooms. There is little enough in the house now, a bust, a table, an escritoire, and a contemporary chair or two. But there is a fascination about the old place and one prefers to linger in the bare rooms rather than in the museum where there are more relics. From the window a charming glimpse can be had into the garden where someone with a pretty fancy has planted almost all the herbs and plants mentioned in the immortal plays.

Stratford offers a splendid field for the camera. Shakespeare's house itself could

hardly fail to come out well, nor the carved front of that of John Harvard, nor the quaint, low-roofed grammar schools in which Shakespeare, as an eager-eyed boy, must have seen his first play—it served as a theatre for travelling actors. Trinity Church in which the dramatist is buried, is also splendid from the picturesque point of view. The epitaph above the grave of the “Swan of Avon” struck us as curiously pathetic—

“Good friend for Jesus sake forbear,  
To Digg the dust enclosed heare,  
Bleas be y<sup>e</sup> man y<sup>t</sup> spares these tones,  
And curst be he y<sup>t</sup> moves my bones.”

It was in this church too that we came upon a curiosity of which we had read but never seen—a chained Bible!

But the most charming feature of the whole place is Ann Hathaway's cottage and the pleasantest way of reaching it is to stroll to Shottery by the lanes and fields. We did this and there was no danger of losing our way for sign posts and directions abound. When we came suddenly upon it the old

world charm of the little place enchanted us. It is set in that ideal background an old-fashioned, sweet-scented garden, wherein nothing new has been permitted to intrude. Picture an eav-hung, thick-thatched cottage with windows and doors at odd angles and in unexpected corners, and you have the famous place. Nothing has changed. Enter and the clock turns centuries back for you. You see what Shakespeare must have seen, when he came swiftly by the very paths we ourselves have trod, to talk over his hopes and ambitions, dream dreams and build castles in the air with Ann Hathaway to help him. The illusion is complete, for the trustees have done their work well. Whenever possible they have obtained the identical household goods, but when such were unprocurable, contemporary utensils have been put into place, with the result that here there is none of the stiff formality noticeable in Shakespeare's house.

A touch of unconscious humor, is supplied by the extremely blasé young guide who

escorts guests about the house and watches with lynx-eyes to see that they do not write names upon the walls. She so fascinated Comrade and me that we followed round in several groups. First she herds the various tourists together like sheep, then begins in an even monotone—

“That is the settee upon which (it is believed) William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway sat when he came courting here. This is the platter on which (it is said) food was eaten at that period. You will observe that it is reversible. First they ate meat and vegetables from one side—you will observe the hollow (said to be) used for salt—then they turned it over and partook of pudding. Visitors will now proceed upstairs.” They followed and the expressionless voice continued. “Visitors will now descend.” They did, and a fresh supply entered. The same even tone started on the same sentence! “That is the settee upon.”

“Is she an automaton?” gasped Comrade.

“A phonograph would give more variety of expression,” I cried as we covered our ears and fled out through the gate, past a group of children selling “Marie Corelli and Shakespearian wildflowers.” And still upon the soft warm breeze came the hard unvaried monotone beginning all over again — “This is the settee upon which it is believed.” It rang in our ears until we returned to Stratford and found a boat to take us upon the historic Avon. No noisy motor or puffing steamer for us, when our own strong young arms could propel us down the tree fringed stream, where every stroke brought new beauties into view.

Note.—Expense account will be found together with that of Chapter VIII.

## CHAPTER VIII

THE GLORY OF OXFORD; ITS COLLEGES AND CHURCHES,  
SPACIOUS QUADRANGLES AND WINDING BACK WATERS  
—STUDENT LODGINGS AND HOW WE FOUND THEM—  
HISTORY INCARNATE—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

IT is fortunate that I found time to describe our day at Stratford-on-Avon before we went to Oxford, for now I can think of nothing except that city of colleges, domes, spires and spacious quadrangles which calls to her, students from afar. Oxford is exactly what it ought to be. Walls—hoary with age—ivy covered walls, chapels glorious with carving; arches, stained glass, and delicate ceilings, mellowed by time. The curious part of it is that it is in the byways you find the greatest glories. Stay in the wider roads and you are amid shops and modernism. Search out the spires and grey walls of which glimpses can be had from the main streets, and you will find historic colleges down the narrow

lanes through which only pedestrians can pass. All is eloquent of the bygone centuries that gave Oxford birth.

Comrade and I took a week-end ticket (when we arrived we wished to stay a month at least) caught an afternoon train from Paddington and descended at our destination in time for dinner. We took the waitress into our confidence regarding our need for a lodging (an hotel was too prosaic to be thought of) and according to her directions as to locality found our way to Pembroke St. down which, a stone's throw from Christ Church we found Broadgates Hall a "licensed lodging" in which to our delight we were able to establish ourselves in real student "diggings." One had considerably departed and we enjoyed his luxuries. It added to our pleasure that a card bearing the words "God Save the King" was above his name on our door. This signified that he had just taken his degree—and in fact that this portion of his life was over. The college crests popularly known as "freshers

delights" ornamenting the student's quarters so captivated our fancy that a new trunk seemed almost a necessity.

Unpacking was only a matter of minutes, so impatient were we to be exploring historic Oxford. Perhaps the starlit night gave glamor to the scene, perhaps the hoary walls looked the more vaguely mysterious in the dim light of the moon, but that first night ramble about Oxford and down the narrow lanes, as we located college after college, aided by a little guide book, will always remain in my memory as one of the most delightful of all our nights in England. The thrill of it, as we stood in the quadrangle of Christ church, the most magnificent and spacious in Oxford, and listened to the deep distinct strokes of Big Tom striking the nine o'clock curfew in signal that the gates were shutting, is yet vivid.

With us, that night, walked heroes of the past and present. Queen's College calls John Wycliffe and the Black Prince her sons. Oriel claims Sir Thomas More, Matthew

Arnold and Cecil Rhodes. Addison was at Magdalen, at which there are no finer cloisters in all England, Shelley belonged to University—founded by King Alfred—Corpus Christi held Keble for a time, while Christ Church gave Great Britain three premiers in succession—Gladstone, Lord Salisbury and Lord Roseberry; the Wesleys too, were members of the same college. Pembroke claims Dr. Johnson, while Balliol dating back to 1282 and disputing precedence as to age with Merton, is associated with the names of Browning and still more recent famous men. Milner and Curzon. Cardinal Newman once walked the lawns of Trinity. Froude was at Exeter. Great names too, are on the roll of Jesus (the first college founded since the Reformation), but they are mostly Welsh. Many of these colleges are especially for certain nationalities, though they are, of course, open to the world.

Some have quaint customs, the origin of which have been lost in antiquity. For instance on New Year's Day at Queen's the

bursar presents every member and guest with a needle and thread, saying, as he does so, "Take this and be thrifty." No one knows why he does it! And if you went to Magdalen at five o'clock on May morning, you would find the whole surpliced choir on the top of the tower, singing a Latin hymn to the Holy Trinity!

I suppose it is the memories and past of Oxford that make it so unique. Yet even without these it would be a place apart. It was at the exquisite church of St. Mary the Virgin that Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were cited to appear for disputation with the learned doctors of Oxford, and here too, a year later, that Cranmer was brought to publicly recant his errors. Nearby the tragic scene of martyrdom was enacted. There is a memorial raised in commemoration of the three who suffered at the stake. But Oxford is so rich in historic memories, dating from the 10th century, that there is no end to them. It was in Beaumont Street that Richard Coeur-de-Lion was born. Courts and camps

have held their sway in Oxford. It was here that Charles the Second summoned the Third Shorter Parliament at the time that the University melted down its plate to help advance his cause.

But, when the memories of exquisite chapels, of great halls, huge kitchens and wonderful views of towers and domes, seen from the top of the Radcliffe Camera and the Sheldonian Theatre, have faded from our minds, I think we shall always remember the glory of Nuneham Woods and the long hours we spent upon the river drifting down shady backwaters under interlacing trees.

#### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Day excursion to Stratford-on-Avon.....	\$ 1.50
Entrances, boat hires, etc.....	.75
(Other expenses are included in the London week.)	
Oxford, return fare.....	2.00
Entrance, fares, tips, etc.....	1.65
Rooms and breakfasts at three shillings six pence per night.....	2.62
Dinners, lunches and general extravagances.....	2.63
	<hr/>
	\$11.15

## CHAPTER IX

ENGLISH WATERING PLACES—THE CHARMS OF BRIGHTON  
RIVAL CHARMS OF HOVE, ROTTINGDEAN, WORTHING AND  
NEWHAVEN—CYCLING EXCURSIONS IN LONDON-BY-THE-  
SEA—THE PAVILION AND MEMORIES OF GEORGE THE  
FOURTH—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

IT is time for a change of venue. That we decided some three or four days back and immediately determined that a week at an English watering place was all that was required to revive our fading enthusiasm. In truth we are somewhat blasé, a state of feeling engendered by a surfeit of what we had longed for all our lives—travel and Europe.

In order to give a touch of exciting uncertainty to our movements Comrade and I wrote the names of various possible places upon slips of paper—Folkestone, Margate, Deal, Scarborough, Brighton, Eastbourne and Hastings, then drew one from the crumpled pile, and so, according to the decree of fate, are now en route for Brighton.

Our train is running through an aggravat-

ing series of tunnels. Between them we catch glimpses of typically English scenery—mile after mile of gently undulating lands (which irresistibly remind one of the lovely curves seen in some finely sculptured statue of a beautiful woman) all divided up into the ridiculous, pocket-handkerchief-like, hedged, fields, in which golden grain and wild flowers alternate with the greenest of grassy paddocks.

Before we left London we had gathered particulars about our journey to Belgium, where we purposed going next, and had packed in such a manner that the necessary clothes could be collected in a short hour. Our landlady readily consented to house our reserve trunks and to permit us to come there to repack when we offered to pay a shilling for the privilege and promised to return to her, should she have a vacancy, when we came back from the Continent. This point being arranged we set off with a light heart.

There is little difficulty in lodging yourself

in this "Queen of Watering Places" or "London-by-the-Sea" as Brighton is variously called. Three parts of it consist of "private boarding establishments," hotels and houses offering furnished apartments. Walk down any street, ride up any road, and scores of placards will jump at your eyes. Hotel rates are anything from six shillings, and sixpence a day up. Boarding-houses begin at a pound a week and are good at twenty-five shillings and thirty shillings. Of course the scale of charges decreases as the distance from the sea increases.

It is a good plan to take a car down the Grand Parade to the Front, walk along it a little way, then up the side streets at random. It is useless giving direct addresses; the population is too floating. Current advertisements are to be seen in both London and Brighton papers and these are the best guides for those who want certainty. Others can do as we did and go untrammelled by advance arrangements. Luck always befriends the venturesome. The Old

Steine, Marine Parade, Montpelier Road, Regency Square and Holland Road are all happy hunting grounds for would-be boarders and those who seek rooms. For the benefit of people who prefer hotels I may say that the Unicorn of North St. with a tariff of six shillings and sixpence is about the least expensive; the Metropole is at the other end of the scale.

A week will vanish in Brighton as do the first days in London. For amusements, in addition to ordinary theatrical and musical attractions there are concerts on the piers, the admission fees to which are two or four pence according to how near the music you wish to go. The gaily lighted, festooned jetties, duplicated in the shimmering water, look like fairyland from the shore. Then there are diverse shows, bicycle polo, performing dogs, ventriloquists, fortune tellers lightning artists and a perpetually changing programme of dangerous events, such as high diving, water riding, and kindred shows. There are concerts again in

the great Dome and in the Pavilion Grounds and here nearly all Brighton assembles, on summer nights, to sit in the gay circle of light near the decorated band stand, or wander up and down the shady paths, where colored lights glimmer from the thick foliage of the trees looking like gorgeous glow-worms.

On Sundays some of England's best known preachers are always to be heard in Brighton, and after church it is *de rigueur* to walk on "The Lawns" where frock-coated, tall hatted men are the escorts of visions of loveliness in lace and billowy silk robes of every imaginable hue. The dainty parasols shade complexions that are the envy of those who have spent the morning in a motor boat!

The Front itself offers a sight that rivals any continental watering place. It stretches out, perfectly paved, for a distance of five good miles. On the one side is the changing sea, on the other fine residences and great hotels. Landaus, motors, donkey carriages and cyclists, pass in a kalidescopic picture.

Pedestrians throng the side walks, stand in gay groups around luxurious bath chairs, or flock like chattering children about the patient little donkeys waiting for hire.

Far off in the distance is the waving line of the Downs (which should rather be called "Ups") whereon were Roman camps in days gone by. Turn, and behind you is a jagged line of cliffs stretching to Newhaven and beyond. And on the dancing sea are boats of every description, possibly warships and torpedo destroyers, certainly yachts, excursion steamers, motor launches, and scores of fishing and row boats. Beneath you, on the sands, are gay bathing houses with horses to draw them into deep water, for here only children bathe from the beach. Adults hire a "machine" or dive from the pier at certain hours. Now climb down the steps or sloping pathway past the fishermen mending their nets and you will get a surprise. Built in under the front, like so many caves, are the "Arches" and in these are some of the quaintest little homes

imaginable. They open direct upon and level with the beach, some are inhabited by fisherfolk, others are the dainty holiday nooks of artists, bright with chintz, brass and Japanese umbrellas and bric-a-brac.

"If I lived in Brighton I would contrive to get located in the Arches," decided Comrade as we climbed to the parade and set off in quest of bicycles to carry us to the Devil's Dyke. And what a glorious ride we had! Up hill some 700 feet, in a series of gentle gradients, to our objective, for the most part between yellow corn fields, and when we had scrambled to our hearts content in the extraordinary excavation, cut, so says tradition, by his most Satanic Majesty, in order to flood Sussex (is not the mark of his shovel to be seen at the bottom?) a glorious free wheel flight the whole distance back to Brighton. We never put foot to pedal until we reached the crowded streets!

Another morning was spent in the "Old Lanes," those reminders of what Brighton was when as a "fishing village" it captivated

the fancy of George IV, then Prince of Wales, and enticed him to build the Pavilion, that unique, ornate, eastern-like pagoda which cost somewhere near a hundred thousand pounds for its erection alone, and as much more for its equipment. The chandelier in the gorgeous banqueting hall is the pride of the place. It is an immense shimmering pyramid of cut glass lustres suspended from the domed roof by the claws of a gigantic golden dragon, six other dragons hold out shimmering water lilies, from the hearts of which gleam electric lights. The extraordinary thing was the joy of King George's heart but after his death it was hidden away for years, owing to a dream of Queen Adelaide's in which her royal highness imagined that she saw it fall and crush her attendants! The dream so affected her nerves that King William consented to have it taken down. The chandelier in the Dome is even larger, and is believed to be the biggest in the world, being six feet in diameter and containing over 200 lights. It is curious

to remember that the magnificent building, with its arcades of Moorish arches, was once a stable.

Another morning, after a few hours spent among that artistically arranged collection of British Birds in the Booth Museum we rambled afar beginning by taking the motor car to the Black Cliffs and walking thence to Rottingdean. Rottingdean is a charming old fashioned little fishing village. In it we sought out the house where Rudyard Kipling once made his home with Sir. E. Burne Jones for his neighbour. Then we wandered onward over the deceptive Downs that always lead you to believe that when you have breasted the next rise you will see far beyond, until we came to Newhaven. There, rejoicing in the changing colours of sea and sky as seen against the steep white cliffs, we caught the "Brighton Queen" back.

Such boating trips are a feature of the place. You can go as far afield as Boulogne and back for eight shillings or so, or spend the day on the Isle of Wight for half as

much. Most of the longer excursions, such as to Southampton, or Dover, average four shillings each, shorter trips, to nearby resorts or to view the channel traffic, can be had for 6d or 9d return and a more enjoyable way of spending a warm morning or evening can hardly be found.

Those who like sailing can indulge in it for a shilling an hour up. Bathing begins at sixpence for half an hour's use of a "machine." Then there are the parks, offering tennis, and the spectacle of that most exciting of all exciting and picturesque games, polo. The seats of various noblemen, too, (most of which can be viewed) are within driving distance. Arundel Castle, the chief abode of the Duke of Norfolk, is only 22 miles off by rail. Goodwood itself is close, and at Cowfold there is a magnificent Carthusian Monastery to which, however men only are accorded entrance. Taking it all in all Brighton cannot be called expensive, despite its character.

## MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

One week's board and lodging.....	\$ 7.50
Fare from London and return, boats, cars, etc....	6.70
Bathing, concerts, amusements and personal in-	
cidentalals .....	3.40
	<hr/>
	\$17.60

## CHAPTER X

BELGIUM AND HOW TO GET THERE—OSTEND, ITS FASCINATION AND THE SHARP CONTRAST OF BRUGES AND GHENT—NAMUR, DINANT, THE WOODS AND RIVERS OF THE ARDENNES—THE FAMOUS SUBTERRANEAN RIVER AND GROTTA DE HAN—AN UNEXPECTED VENTURE INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

FARES to Ostend vary amazingly. You can pay anything from ten shillings to forty shillings for first class tickets of the same duration of time, according to the line you select.

True to determination we chose the cheapest route, but, as there was only a fractional difference between the rates for first and second-class tickets, took the former. For eleven shillings and sixpence the General Steam Navigation Company undertook to carry us on the "*Alouette*" from St. Katherine's Wharf, near the Tower, direct to Ostend. We might return by the same route any Thursday or Saturday and could stay abroad two months if we chose! The steamers of

this line depart at nine in the morning, so, rather than rush the matter, we returned to town on the previous day and put up at our old lodging, repacked in a leisurely manner and went to St. Katharine's Wharf, by underground and omnibus, directly after an early breakfast upon the following morning.

Perhaps, in rough weather, the "*Alouette*" might not be very enticing, but those who have passed days upon the great oceans need fear neither the English channel nor the North Sea. Our crossing proved a mill-pond-like excursion and we were glad that we had made a provision contract with the steward. Three shillings and sixpence a head covered the cost of all meals eaten *en route*.

Ostend is fair to see indeed when one arrives, as we did, after night-fall. Possibly the "Digue" as the water front is here called, is even more attractive in the day time. The rearing white walls, green shuttered windows, and those oddest of daintily equipped balconies opening from the charm-

ing villas, doubtless need the brilliant sunlight to show them to the best advantage. But we were fascinated by glimpses of shops and queer looking streets, caught as we followed the uniformed man, who had triumphed over all the others and carried us off to his hotel, rescuing us from the outstretched hands of many porters by the power of his fluent, if imperfect, English.

It is well to demand the price for a night's lodging and then to close with the most obliging man. The names of the hostelries are legion, and, except for those on the fashionable Digue, are much of a muchness in their terms—Perhaps the Hotel Metropole, 14 Place d'Armes, is the least expensive—everything included for six francs a day. The Hotel Grand et d'Albion and the Grand Hotel Leopold 11 are in capital positions if the Casino be one of the chief objects of your visit. Eight to ten francs a day would pay the bill, or three francs for room, light and attendance. Apartments, are, of course, infinitely cheaper. Those facing the

sea are the most expensive. In the various streets leading out of the Place d'Armes (wherein the markets are held) scores of houses can be found in which excellent accommodation can be had for a couple of francs a night. Rooms taken by the week or month will prove yet cheaper. But if a week or so be all that can be spared for Belgium a few days must suffice for Ostend. Be sure to do one thing, find your way to the Oyster Parks and taste oysters as you will never have tasted them before—they will be taken up from the beds before your eyes!

Ostend is somewhat Brightonian with the added attraction or oddness given by the foreign element and innumerable fêtes. There is a splendid beach, as at Trouville, and a noble promenade upon which is the chalet of the King of the Belgians. Royalty is frequently seen among the gay groups on the Digue. Then the tile-façaded, glittering Kursaal is a great attraction. It holds capital reading-rooms, and splendid concert

halls and offices. Gorgeous balls are given here for the amusement of those who dance. And then there is the attraction of the gambling reserved for members of the "Private Club," in accordance with the restrictions of the law of the land. The races of August are famous, and attract thousands of people of every nationality. And, if by chance, you get into difficulty, there is the polyglot inquiry office at No. 13 Avenue Charles Janssens—What more can one demand of Ostend?

. . . . .

It is a curious change to make in half an hour—that from modern Ostend, a watering place of laughter and mirth, to the old world city of Bruges, oftentimes called the "Venice of Belgium."

In the height of its splendour in the 14th and 16th centuries Bruges had a population of 200,000. Now it may reach a tenth of that figure. Grass grows in the main streets today, for the trend of commerce has gone in other directions since the Zwin, a small

channel leading to the North Sea, silted up, (despite the struggles of the citizens against the engulfing sand) and so bereft Bruges of its title of "a sea port."

Perhaps no city in all Belgium possesses more memorials of the past than Bruges-la-Morte, and, as we stood on the mossy borders of the Lac d'Amour, enchanted with the clearness of the spires and steeples reflected in the clear water, and remembered the old gateways dating away back to the fourteenth century, we asked ourselves how could we bear to leave it as soon as we had planned! What could be more charming than this "dead city" of canals, red-roofed, mossy walled houses, the magnificent Gothic Hotel de Ville (the ancient palace of the Counts of Flanders), to say nothing of the churches and the Cathedral de St. Sauveur's dating back, so says tradition, even to 646 A. D! And then the costumes of the people, the *gen d'Armes* and the peasants accompanying the carts drawn by powerful dogs—and the lace makers at work in the narrow

streets! The Belfry alone is worth the journey to Bruges. We thought so when we first came upon it in the market place, we said so again, when we had climbed the tortuous spiral stairway to revel in the glorious view from the top, and we were positive of it, when we first heard its glorious chime of bells some of which date from 1299. Had not Longfellow lain awake a whole night to listen to their rich music?

The hotels of Bruges send agents to the station; multiplicity alone makes decision difficult. We ignored them all and put up instead in rooms over a bric-a-brac shop (Restaux') opposite to the cathedral, and found our meals in the curious restaurants of the Grand Place or "Grootemarket" as it is often called, for Flemish is the language of the peasants though the majority speak French as well. Those who prefer to live "en pension" could hardly find a better than that of Mme Barisele, 7-9 Place St. Giles.

So much was there to see in Bruges that it

was not until we were actually in the train on the way to Ghent that Comrade suddenly grasped my arm, exclaiming in dismay that we had forgotten to seek out that famous religious colony on the Beguinage, and, worse still, the pictures of Hans Memling! And then!—Ghent proved to lack the charm of Bruges, though it is a city of islands—twenty-six of them, I believe, linked together by eighty odd bridges. It is too prosperous!

It would have been only natural to have stopped in Brussels when we came to it, but an eagerness to see the Ardennes had seized us, so Brussels, like Antwerp, was postponed until our return and we made straight on for Namur, where, after a day's exploration of the place and citadel we took a boat down the Meuse towards Dinant and spent one of the most perfect mornings of our tour on the river amid an ever changing panorama of loveliness.

Dinant will always remain a place apart in my memory. Our first morning glimpse

of it happened to be upon a market day when the cobbles resounded to the clatter of wooden clogs, and peasants, sheltering themselves and their wares under gigantic umbrellas, camped in the market place by the cathedral, under the frowning rock, on which is built a citadel in which Madame de Maintenon once dwelt. Dinant is a capital centre from which to explore the valleys of the Ardennes, and excellent little steamboats ply the rivers carrying passengers for a very few pence. One morning we went to Hastière, another we spent in the forest of Ardenne, lunching at what was once the Chateau Royal; then dreamed sweet dreams in the solitudes of the woods we had first learnt to know in the pages of "As You Like It."

Castles and ruins appear as if by magic in the valleys of both the Lesse and Meuse. Small wonder that they are the haunts of artists. Then, too, the whole locality is rich in history, Gauls, Belgæ, Romans, Franks, Vandals, Huns, and Normans, have

fought and lived here, and all have left traces behind them.

We had not originally planned to visit the Grottos of Hans, but someone in a railway carriage gave Comrade such a description of them that we were obliged to decide that no Belgian trip would be complete unless the caves were included. Accordingly we followed local directions and set out for the short journey to Eprave, there joined a group of sightseers, mounted coaches and drove to Jemelle, where we descended into the bowels of the earth, two among the 100,000 visitors who come each year to see the wonders of alabaster halls and subterranean rivers, wherein live eyeless fish. I wonder if anything can surpass the weirdness of the scene at the entrance to the range of mountains? As one stands shivering in the cold blast that blows from the catacombs, out come swarming children—queer little silent goblins from the nether world they seem, as you catch glimpses of them in the flickering light of the double-wicked lamps they

## ON NEXT TO NOTHING 101

carry. Look before you in the darkness and you see a line of their lights gleaming on ahead, look behind, they are following you down the narrow slippery defiles and over grotesque boulders. Some of the galleries are of noble proportions—American skyscrapers could be put inside them—others are gleaming caves of fairy land. It is two hours, incredible as though it may seem, from the time you enter until you embark on the subterranean river and the great detonation echoes through the vast blackness behind you. Then, propelled by strong arms, the boats shoot forward, and the outer world gleams like a jewel through the slit-like exit by which you scramble out, trebly realizing the beauty of the picture before you in contrast with the caverns behind.

And now for the cost of it all. Belgian railway tickets can be had at wonderfully cheap rates. A season ticket for five days entitles you to go where you will and as often as you like, over the 3,000 miles of lines. A third-class ticket (wooden-seated

carriages) comes to nine shillings and nine pence; a second, to seventeen shillings and a penny. Others, lasting double the time, are twice the price. We, being uncertain as to the length of time we meant to spend, did not take a season, and spent about as much as if we had. For a limited holiday such tickets are very convenient. They can be obtained at the Belgian Railway station in Ostend; in addition to the price a deposit of four shillings is required, but this will be refunded when you give up your ticket upon its expiration. A portrait of yourself (about an inch and a half square), will also be necessary. If you have not one a snap-shot will be taken for a franc by Monsieur Le Bon, 36 Boulevard van Iseghem, Ostend. He will give you four copies for this munificent sum!

#### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Return ticket, first class, London to Ostend and back .....	\$ 2.87
London lodging, one night, breakfast and fares, three shillings and sixpence.....	.87

Meals on board (three shillings and six pence per head inclusive) .....	.87
Ostend hotel (two nights, with breakfasts) seven francs eighty.....	1.62
Rooms in Bruges (three nights six francs inclusive) .....	1.25
Namur (one night with breakfast), four francs twenty .....	.87
Dinant (three nights) six francs.....	1.25
Living expenses, tips, etc.....	9.88
Railway and boatfares (sometimes second class, sometimes third) and eight francs entrance fee to Grottos de Han.....	4.00
Incidentals for return.....	1.00
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	\$24.48

NOTE.—These railway fares include the expense of the journeys to Waterloo, Brussels and Antwerp, together with the return to Ostend.

## CHAPTER XI

BRUSSELS—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO WITH ITS MONUMENT AND HISTORIC FARMS AND CHATEAUX—ANTWERP, A HINT OF ITS GLORIES AND A WARNING TO OTHERS TO STAY LONGER THAN WE DID, WITH METHODS OF LODGING ONE'S SELF COMFORTABLY (WITHOUT UNDUE EXPENSE) IN A FOREIGN CITY—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

THE worst of Brussels is that the Belgians expect you to stay too long in it. A week is usually enough for any continental town, especially when time is at a premium, but it is impossible to obtain furnished rooms in Brussels for less than a fortnight. Of course there are hotels at all prices from four shillings a day inclusive, and likewise *pensions*, as they call boarding-houses here. That kept by Madame Doltoure, 25 Rue de Propriers, is well spoken of by everybody, as is also Madame Veve's 62 Rue Veldt (the charge at each is four shillings a day) but such places tie one more or less.

Comrade and I followed our usual plan,

left our suitcases at the railway station and wandered off to seek a resting place. First of all we purchased a map of the town and asked a friendly policeman to locate the spot on which we stood.

Preferring to live in the best quarter, and having a fancy for royalties, we wended our way towards the palace.

We walked through the gardens, up the hill along by the car route, then turned out for lunch and a rest when we saw an interesting looking café. The interest of the stage-like continental life engrossed us, but at length we remembered we were homeless, so tore ourselves away and strolled up and down the streets radiating from the Palace. It was not long before we found what we wanted. The contingent locality seems set apart for the express lodgment of students and Americans coming to study in Brussels.

We finally decided upon a tiny flat in a great apartment building at the juncture of three roads and a stone's throw from the car. It was also within walking distance of

the Cathedral of Sainte Gudule, the Royal Gardens and Palais de Justice, while the tall, chimney-like monument crowning the flight of steps at the foot of our street, leading to the lower town, served as a landmark to us from afar. For our compact little flat or "quartier" as our landlady called it, we paid 14 francs a week. Service is not provided in these cases but we found it could always be obtained for a franc or so. Running water was on the landing.

Strange music awakened us next morning and we looked out to see a boy sauntering down the street playing a joyful tune on a pipe. Round him frolicked a dozen goats. We flung on long coats to cover deficiencies. Comrade caught up a milk jug and I the camera, then we fled down the flagged stairs to catch the surprised youth at the corner. I photographed him while he milked a goat straight into Comrade's jug.

The rest of the provender was obtained when we were more fully garbed for, in Belgium, there are always "shops around

the corner." We had a breakfast fit for the gods—eggs (bought ready boiled) fruit, fresh rolls and coffee, the cost being about a dime apiece.

We tossed a coin and so decided that we should first see Brussels itself, rather than make an experimental journey to any place. Before we were content over a week had flown! The lace shops alone occupy whole mornings, the filmy scarves, delicate collars, the yards of Pointe de Venise, raised roses (and winged butterflies ranging in price from 20 cents upwards) are so enticing, especially to those unaccustomed to Belgium prices.

In the early mornings we wandered down the Rue-du-Beurre-et-Fromage or past the cathedral to the market place, where the exquisite façade of the Hotel de Ville, famous as it justly is throughout all Europe, offers a splendid background for the kaleidoscopic scenes in the market place in which the Flemish peasants assemble to buy and sell. They come clattering over the stones in great wooden clogs, gay costumes and odd

head-dresses, some laden with goods, some driving carts pulled by dogs! There are never failing pictures to be found in this market place.

We dined at cafés in whatever quarter we chanced to be, and learnt to our bewilderment that in Brussels it is cheaper to order beer with a meal than to go without it!

The wonderful cathedral of Sainte Gudule, the Eglise Sainte-Marie, or the other beautiful churches, the picture galleries and museums coaxed us to them in the afternoons. The evenings were frequently spent in the "Bière Jardin." These are family gathering places, even the littlest children attending constantly with their parents. Some of these are open free, others charge fifty centimes to a franc admission. The concerts in these gardens are famous, for Brussels is one of the music centres of Europe; students from most distant lands come here for instruction at the Conservatoire.

"When these pleasures pall, what shall we do?" asked Comrade one morning when

we greeted the comical statues in the royal gardens almost without a smile. They are extraordinary productions, artistically, being the busts of celebrated men on shaped pedestals—at the base of these pedestals bare feet protrude!

I thought for a moment, for Brussels is a capital centre. Fifteen minutes by train takes you to Louvain, the abode of a famous monastery, half an hour, or a little more, and Antwerp (or Anvers as it is called here) is reached. But I had a longing for the country, so the field of the battle of Waterloo was selected for the objective of our first excursion. "That shall be to-morrow," decided Comrade.

Our worn, faded landlady told us that the pleasantest way to go to Waterloo was to depart from the Gare du Midi and to leave the train at Braine l'Alleud. We followed her advice to find ourselves being scuffled over at a wayside station by a gesticulating group of drivers, each of whom was trying to persuade us to take his par-

ticular half franc ride to the seat of war.

We stood bewildered, as did several other passengers. Suddenly a capable French damsel swooped to our rescue, explaining, in valuable English, that all the *commissionnaires* were frauds with lame horses, but that she, she herself, would be delighted to show us what she could. Only let us follow her to the carriage she would select! We (and others) did—with effusive thanks—and found that she too was a paid charioteer! However it was a comfortable enough drive and she finally delivered us at the foot of the great monument at which 200 men had laboured for 4 years. Up the steps tourists climb all day. Every train brings them in carriage loads. They come from every part of the world. America, Spain, France, England and the Antipodes, to see this Belgian lion upon his Mound, gazing over the fields upon which was fought one of the most famous battles in all history.

Guides are always in attendance ready to give information in any language, and if one

wants their services they can be obtained for a few sous. But the landmarks are made plain to the eye by means of commemorative placards, so, tiring of the crowds, we wandered off by ourselves over the historic ground.

It was June when Waterloo was fought, now it was later in the year. In place of waving wheat we saw golden stoops of grain, and hedgerows full of wildflowers, fragrant with clover. Instead of the roar of cannon we heard the joyous song of larks.

Down the country road towards the village of Braine l'Alleud is the white-walled farmhouse of La Haye Sainte which bore the brunt of the struggle. Across the fields the Chateau of Hugomont can be seen.

We rested among the golden grain, picturing unbroken squares of Highlanders on the wide undulating plains, seeing Napoleon and Wellington and the memorable charge of Blucher; then we forgot everything save the joy of life as we ate our picnic lunch, listened to the birds, gathered great bunches

of wildflowers and saw the white-haired Belgian children tossing hay in the farmyards.

Realisation of the past is possible out in the open. When the little inns with great names are entered a scoffing spirit rises. How can a rusty sword or cuirass look of importance when surrounded by empty beer glasses? Or a war-worn, blood-stained uniform inspire heroic thoughts when it is displayed on a dress-maker's lay-figure?

We were glad to escape from the picture-postcard vendors to the quietude of the famous "Alliance," wherein Wellington spent three nights. It was in the tiny, low ceilinged room of this inn that the great English general met Blucher after the battle. The Flemish proprietress tells with pride that her mother lived there in those days and saw Napoleon. Then, with awe, she displays the marks of bullets in the thick oaken doors.

The place seems half holy in the eyes of the peasants and few forget to genuflect when

they pass the cross on the outside wall.

This old Flemish woman with her eager torrent of French, her thin, gesticulating arms, her bare feet in wooden sabots, dates all things from that historic Sunday in June 1815. To those who have seen her home, and the gigantic monument outlined against the brilliant background of the sky, Waterloo will be real—never more only an incident in a book of history.

Comrade and I turned our backs on Braine l'Alleud wondering if another day in all our journey could be more fascinating. And now the flying hours in Antwerp have almost surpassed it. After all, isn't that glorious city the crowning point of a Belgian tour? What pictures she holds in her galleries! The notes of the organ in the cathedral still thrill me—the carved pulpit too, is a pulpit differing from all others. And then the strange blending of ancient and modern in the busy streets and quays—and the houses where celebrities have lived! I fought valiantly to spend a week in the place

## 114 HOW TO VISIT EUROPE

regardless of our schedule—and Comrade dragged me back in a day!

### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Rent of flat (two weeks at fourteen francs per week .....	\$ 5.60
Entrance fees, etc., say fifteen francs.....	3.00
Sundry car fares, five francs.....	1.00
Breakfasts, averaging sixty centimes.....	1.75
Luncheons, averaging one franc.....	2.80
Dinners, etc. (mainly at two francs, but we sometimes yielded to temptation and (four times) tried the best restaurants where five francs was the charge) .....	8.00
Incidentals and personal expenses.....	1.75
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	\$23.90

## CHAPTER XII

DARING PROJECTS—FURTHER AFIELD—EN ROUTE FOR THE RIVIERA—LEAST EXPENSIVE AND MOST CONVENIENT ROUTES—NEED OF POLICE NOTIFICATION—A STOP-OVER AT ROUEN, THE CITY OF CHURCHES—THE IRONY OF THE REHABILITATION OF THE "MAID OF ORLEANS," AND THE HUMAN TRAGEDY OF HER LIFE—MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

As far as cost is concerned it comes to very much the same whether you go direct from Belgium to Paris or via London, if Paris is not to be your final destination and the apex of your journey.

The French capital is five hours journey by rail from Ostend, three from Brussels. In one case the advantage of the Belgian circular touring ticket is lost, (since it is limited) and in the other, the channel must be recrossed somewhat unnecessarily. This, however, is offset by the fact that by first returning to England more parts of Belgium

can be visited on the way. Yprès, for instance, a little off the usual route, is well worth seeing. Malins and Tournai have charms of their own. And when at Antwerp the Dutch frontier is only a short distance off, it could easily be included in a broad sweep of travel.

We, being elated with our success in journeying, and delighted with the manner in which our pocket-books retained their firmness of outline, determined to venture further afield. The Riviera should know us—we would enter Italy if but a yard across her border!

There is a choice of diverse routes from London, and, as competition is keen, rates differ but slightly. The fare for a second-class, 45 day return ticket to Monte Carlo, the heart of the French Riviera, with stop-over privileges at Paris and various important continental cities, is \$44.50 by the South Eastern Chatham R. R. and this is a fair average rate for the shorter channel crossings; the lowest is \$37.50. The London

and South Western Railway, via Southampton and Havre seems about the least expensive. The route (that by Newhaven and Dieppe) advertised as "the cheapest" is in reality dearer by \$2 or \$2.50. This way is very pleasant if a daylight journey be desired. For a night crossing the Southampton-Havre way is good, since there is time for a comfortable night's rest aboard. You sail at midnight and arrive at seven or eight o'clock next morning. Breakfast will be served on the ship, or else a meal can be snatched at the railway station.

If you only want to go to Paris the cost of the return ticket from London by this route would be \$10.00. This includes a berth in the general cabin, where there is accommodation for some twenty persons. Private cabins for two and four persons can be had by going first class. The difference in fare is \$1.25 per person each way. Second-class travellers are usually the smaller business people, teachers, and the French, who have been visiting England.

It was when taking our tickets for Paris that we discovered a reason for going direct to the company rather than to a tourist agency. The latter will not reserve sleeping accommodation this means that if the boat be crowded, a deck chair and a rug are likely to be your fate.

My advice to anyone would be to select a route that includes Rouen. Whatever else be omitted this must not be. It sounds rather trite to say that it is a city of cathedrals but somehow that is the first and last memory of Rouen. For the rest it is a panorama of a winding river, with wooded slopes beyond, twisting streets, towers, spires against an azure sky—everything that vitalises the word “charm”—that, and souvenirs of Joan of Arc.

Rouen is unlike the towns of Belgium in that it caters little for the needs of transients desiring temporary quarters other than in hotels. If there are rooms or furnished flats to be let, they are well hidden. This matters the less because the hotels are good

and cheap, and the sights of Rouen are within easy reach of each other.

We settled ourselves on the Quai de la Bourse where the hotel rates average nine or ten francs a day. This is in a capital position. We were exceedingly comfortable and our long, balustraded windows faced upon the river up which passed a perfect stream of picturesque vessels. Large ones starting for Havre or Paris, sailing ships bringing valuable cargoes from across the sea, and barges drifting slowly down from the interior.

I wonder if any other place in all the world holds more wonderful churches than Rouen? The Cathedral, in which lies the heart of Richard Coeur-de-Lion, is a thing apart, with its 399 statues looking down from their niches, and its splendid "Butter" Tower rearing its height above the rest of the buildings and so christened because it was built by the sum accumulated from permitting the eating of butter in Lent! Candles on the many side altars look like glowworms in the vastness. You are for-

fortunate if you can hear a musical mass, for such are famous here. St. Gothard's is a glory of colour with 136 wonderful windows, St. Ouen is surely one of the loveliest Gothic chapels ever built, while St. Maclou seems more elaborate and gorgeous than any other, and is called one of the gems of France. It has taken thousands of years to build, and has had a stormy history. In the sixteenth century the Hugonots lighted bonfires in the naves. In the eighteenth, the revolutionists used it as a manufactory of arms, and built a forge where the main altar now stands. A walk round the roof above the extraordinary gargoyles of any of these churches gives a fine idea of Rouen—but, oh, the obscurity and darkness of the spiral stairways! We found ourselves beating vainly against the stone wall of that in the cathedral, and were forced to feel our way down again to ask for a light. The cheerful custodian obligingly rewarded us with one of the candles intended for the saints!

It is curious to turn from the grandeur

and tranquillity of these well kept churches to find St. Laurent. Here, commercialism has triumphed over religion. Its towers rear above small stores—Why was it singled out for desecration, we wonder, while the others were saved?

There is plenty to see in Rouen, the Palais de Justice, museum, picture gallery, the Tower of the Grosse Horloge, and, within easy reach up and down the charming stretch of the Seine, are the ruins of abbeys and castles. But all is forgotten when once one realises the story of Joan of Arc, for Rouen is indelibly associated with her name. The artist who placed the gleaming white statue of the Maid in the gloomy peaked tower, had strong dramatic instinct. The purity of the marble heightens the effect of the dungeon wherein the heroine once lay—a prisoner. The bravely truthful, tragic words, pronounced in the torture chamber and now engraved upon the dungeon walls recreate her in the imagination as they are read:

*“ . . . vraiment, se vous me deviez faire detraite les membres et faire partir l'ame hors du corps se ne vour diray-je autre chose, et se aucune chose vous en disoye-je, appres si disoye-je tous jours que vous le me durees fait dire par force.”*

The little statues of the maid in her short skirts help you to picture the fair-haired village child who went from Domremy to face the Commandment of Vaucouleurs and ask an escort of soldiers. Her reason? That she had been directed by God to go to the King, to fight for him and win back her country from the English conquerors. Small wonder that the soldiers thought her mad, and advised that she be whipped and taken back to her own village. But the “Voices” would not be stilled, and the girl, working about the farm, saw visions of herself leading soldiers to victory and crowning a king at Rheims. Again and again she applied for the soldiers in order that she might obey a heaven-sent mandate. And at last the commandant yielded, gave her soldiers and

sent her to the king. The next ordeal was to face a board of learned men to convince them of her sanity and the truth of her mission. She succeeded. Then the seventeen year old girl led forth an army, and in the ranks princes and war-worn veterans took their place. In three tremendous assaults she lifted the siege that for seven long months had beset Orleans, and by so doing won the title by which she is known to this day—"The Maid of Orleans." It was but the beginning of her victories; she fought on, and triumph succeeded triumph, until in eight weeks she broke the English power in France which had lain like a shadow across French hearts close on 300 years. And then she went to Rheims to carry out the last part of her vision and set the crown upon the brow of France's king.

If you have time, go to Rheims; if not, stand in the cathedral here in Rouen and reconstruct the scene—the king, his nobles and soldiers, the visionary-eyed child, and in the background the wondering peasants from

her village, a little deputation headed by the father of Jeanne d'Arc.

"What reward did she want?" asked the king. And the kneeling girl, ask the remission of taxation for her village, and, for herself, since her task was fulfilled, permission to return to Domremy with her father. The first request was granted readily enough, (though short memored France has now forgotten her gratitude), but the second was laughed to scorn. First, she must drive the English from Paris.

But Jeanne had looked into the future and her fears were justified. No more was her's an uninterrupted career of success; a short time later she found herself a prisoner, held to ransom for \$12,000.

She waited in growing bitterness for almost six months. Once she tried to escape, but, her rope breaking, she failed. At last the Bishop of Beauvais paid the money and got possession of her for the church, in order that she might be tried for witchcraft, and for the crime of wearing male attire. It was in this sombre tower in Rouen that she

awaited trial. Her judges were in despair, no incriminating evidence could be got from her. Then the bishop from her own village came, and she told him of her "visions" and the "voices" that had directed her. He betrayed her, judgment was speedy, and she was handed over to the English to be burnt at the stake where the tablet now marks the scene of the tragedy. Her last cry, as the flames rose about her, was a prayer for her country.

Then came the irony of it all. Some twenty-five years later unpleasant questions were asked regarding the validity of the position of a king who had been established upon the throne by a witch—hence the "Rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc." To-day she is classed as a saint.

#### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Fare from London to the Riviera with stopover privileges .....	\$37.50
Breakfast, cab, etc. (en route to Rouen) .....	.60
Hotel at Rouen, two days .....	3.60
Entrance fees, tips, etc. ....	2.00
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	\$43.70

## CHAPTER XIII

IN FRANCE—"CONSEILS PRATIQUE"—HOTELS AND THEIR  
INQUISITORIAL PAPERS—LATIN QUARTER HINTS, STUDENTS,  
HOSTELRIES, CLUBS AND RESTAURANTS—FRENCH  
TIPPING RULE—"TIP OFTEN BUT TIP LITTLE,"—RULES  
REGARDING OMNIBUSES.

WHO was it first said "Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris?" We are here now and somehow it does not seem exactly my idea of Paradise—and yet Paris has smiled upon us. Our arrival was made after nightfall when the city was a-glimmer with light. We dined at a restaurant beside St. Lazare, then, in the charge of a friendly "*cocher*" drove to an address given by a friend, the Grand Hotel Passy de Passy, 10 Rue de Passy. As we rolled through the smooth, broad thoroughfares, our obliging charioteer indicated landmarks previously known to us by name; in the intervals we listened to the tiny click of the taximeter

registering that a certain distance had been traversed and we had spent another penny!

How can one keep count of days and nights in Paris? They pass like the wind; so first let me tell of practical matters.

The well known and central hotels are of course expensive, therefore we decided to remain in Passy. It is conveniently situated, being within easy reach of the best parts of Paris, the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne. Then, too, the Eiffel Tower serves as a landmark, be you where you may. There is an excellent choice of means of transportation—cars, omnibuses and underground trains go in every direction and there are a goodly number of boats on the Seine, this is of course the pleasantest, though the slowest method of travel. Taximeter cabs, too, can be obtained at really nominal rates, fifteen cents being the minimum charge.

By taking our room by the week—or rather rooms, for the apartment consisted of a suite of three tiny "*chambres*," the rate was reduced to three francs a night. Breakfast was served to us at a small table in the

big, cool *salle-à-manger* on the ground floor. It was a French breakfast, of course, consisting only of coffee and rolls. When we wanted something more substantial, we ordered "*œufs à la coque*," and paid an additional couple of cents apiece for perfectly boiled, new-laid eggs.

If, instead of going to Passy, we had ventured to the Latin quarter on the "Left Bank" (of the Seine), as we determined to do if any time remained upon our return from the Riviera, we should have spent much less. Even near the station of Montparnasse, for instance, two francs a night is an ordinary price for a capital room. In the immediate environs of the Boulevard St. Michel, the main artery of the Quartier Latin, rates go even lower. Take rooms by the month and they can be had from three dollars. This is the charge at the Grand Hotel Saint Malo, number 2 Rue d'Odessa. At 44 Rue Madame, a particularly clean little place, as nice a room as a young student could want is to be obtained for five dollars a month

with an extra dollar for service. If perchance these are full, or do not suit, there are the Grand Hotel Tarranne, 153 Boulevard St. Germain, and the Hotel de Londres on the Rue Bonaparte with accommodations at much the same rate. You live as you please at these hotels, and are in no way obliged to take your meals upon the premises, which is fortunate, for the quarter abounds in odd little restaurants of miraculous prices. In going to them, too, you will be sure to encounter students of your own nationality, be it what it may. If you particularly want to meet students and so see something of the real life of the locality, it could doubtless be managed through the mens' club on the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, or the girls' at 4 Rue de Cheveruse.

To return to the subject of meals you could not want a better than you could find at the Grand Restaurant, 10 Rue Sainte Placide, and it can be had either at a fixed price, or according to what you choose from

the plainly marked menu. A place much patronised by men art students is the Procop on the Rue Mazarin, here wine is included for twenty cents, the Bouillon Georges on the same street is also well known to economically minded students. At 14 Rue du Bac, upstairs, a dèjeuner of meat, vegetables and bread is served for fifteen cents, and tips are considered out of order. A few doors off there is the Restaurant de la Garde with four courses and wine for a quarter. The Maison Lemasson, Passage Potier gives an hors-d'œuvre (or soup), meat, vegetables (or fish), dessert, and half a bottle of wine with "bread at discretion" for one franc twenty-five centimes. The Maison Bordeaux, 167 Rue de Rennes, one of the oldest cafés in the Montparnasse district, is a trifle more expensive, dèjeuner is served at one franc fifty, dinners at two, (forty cents), but you have a good choice. At the majority of these places a couple of sous is sufficient for the waiter, the more expensive ones want double this modest sum,

while if you wish to be really generous, the new nickle coin (worth five cents) is decidedly convenient.

On all the menus there is an imploring appeal—"Visitors are prayed not to nourish their dogs upon the materials of the house!"

But these restaurants are more or less in the students' quarter. It is just as well to know where to go in other districts, for some of the prices asked are certainly enormous. The Duval establishments are well known and much patronised. Their only fault is that it is sometimes difficult to obtain a table. These restaurants are in every locality and in them you can spend what you like. When you enter, a card is presented to you, on which are columns with various prices above them. The dishes you select are marked on this; one, for instance, in the twenty centimes section, two in the forty, one in the sixty. These can be compared, at a glance, with the prices marked upon the menu. It is always well to verify

the calculations yourself; the French have weak heads where arithmetic is concerned. At most of these places, while bread is served free "at discretion," serviettes and water are charged for. Almost invariably ten centimes (two cents) more than the correct price is charged should no kind of drink be taken. A choice of tea, coffee, wine, cider, milk and mineral water, is given.

It is rather fun, after a course of quaint, out of the way restaurants, to go to the other extreme, for a night or two, and visit the fashionable cafés. Those on the Rue de Rivoli and in the wide courtyard by the Palais Royal, are enjoyable. In the latter the white clothed tables set out in the open air, sheltered from the wind by trees in tubs, and from threatened showers by a quickly moveable, striped awning, certainly have great charm. The pleasure may be had for any sum between four and ten francs a meal. Some people dislike the open air life led by many in Paris, and object to pedestrians perpetually passing among the tables, but we enjoyed it thoroughly.

Another novelty in which we found amusement was the inquisitorial papers encountered at the French hotels. They are handed to you almost before you decide upon your room, such is the desire of the proprietors to keep within the letter of the law. 'Why?' we asked, as we groaningly filled them in, 'should the government desire to know such details about us?' Our names and given names are required, professions, the dates of our respective births, not only the years, but the days, months, and place of the event, the address of our home "domicile," our nationality, the time we entered France, where we come from, whither going, when and why! Are such facts required only because occupation must be found for a vast band of "*fonctionnaire*"?

A wise thing to do, when going to stay in France is to take a passport. It is very satisfying to the French mind, on account of its seals, is useful if only for identification purposes, and invaluable if anything goes wrong. The Prefect of Police charges nothing for stamping it.

Now for one more hint regarding means of transportation. Unless you are possessed of unlimited daring and patience, venture not underground. The more changes he can get for his money, the more pleased the Frenchman seems to be—to a foreigner repeated dashes in and out of trains, upstairs and down, are decidedly confusing. Guides are almost a necessity until you have mastered the intricate mysteries of the system!

As for the cars, remember always that if you wish to board one during the busy hours it is essential first to obtain a ticket from the little kiosks at the stopping stations. Without one you will not be allowed in, unless there is plenty of room. Those holding the lowest numbers are admitted first. The fare outside is three cents, inside, double. But inside, transfers are given free, outside they cost good soys!

Another thing to remember, in your journey in France, is that tipping is universal. Luckily, though, it is on such a small scale that it causes little inconvenience. A dime

is generous on most occasions, the nickle seems to give satisfaction, while few disdain coppers. These were the hints given to me by French people. Tip often and little, is a good rule. Do not give on the American or English scale; if you do, rather than gratitude, you will receive scorn for your folly and ignorance of the French custom. Most Americans abroad will tell you it is when they have given at double or treble the market rate that they have encountered rudeness. And now I can set aside my "*Conseils pratique*" and turn to the joy of a holiday in Paris.

## CHAPTER XIV

THE JOYS OF PARIS; WHAT TO SEE; NAPOLEON'S TOMB, THE LOUVRE, LUXEMBOURG, NOTRE DAME, STE. CHAP-ELLE, THE CONCIERGERIE—PRISON OF TRAGIC MEMORIES—THE MARKETS AND BOULEVARDS—VERSAILLES AND WHEN TO GO THERE, ST. CLOUD, AND THE ABSOLUTE NECESSITY OF SEEING IT; RIVER EXCURSION THERETO, WITH TEA IN THE CHALET AT THE END OF IT MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

YES, now for the joys of Paris and according to our experience these are not to be found in a painstaking study of the city according to the routine of guide books, but rather in wandering where fancy dictates or eyes may tempt. Follow up any entrancing street until its charms wane. Choose not only the avenues, the Rue de la Paix with its famous stores, the Avenue l'Opera, or the Rue St. Honore, but those others down near Notre Dame. That section known as L'Ile de la Cité is the oldest part of Paris—it was a town in the time of Julius Cæsar.

The curious, turning, lane-like streets on the "Left Bank" (of the Seine) the Boulevard St. Michel (the main artery of the Latin Quarter), and the streets radiating from it, are all distinctively Parisian.

Long excursions upon the top of omnibuses or cars have their charm, if you lay out a plan of campaign by means of a map of Paris, and a capital bird's-eye view of the city can be obtained in this way.

Another excursion that simply must be made, is to St. Cloud. Something like a dime will take you there by river, and there can be no fairer place for afternoon tea than the little chalet in the splendid garden. Nor can a finer view be had than that from the terrace over the winding river. The monuments and noted towers of Paris stand out splendidly.

Versailles is another place that should on no account be omitted. Choose a day when the cascades are playing and go early. The halls wherein once stepped Mesdames du Barry and de Pompadour, will engross you

for hours; there seem to be miles of pictures upon the walls. Millions have been spent upon the gardens and almost as much more upon the Trianons, in the smaller of which the young queen, Marie Antoinette, played at the joys of peasant life in that brief period when she was ignorant of the coming revolution.

What shall I say of Paris itself—and of the places that one visits as a matter of course? Could anybody, going to Paris omit Napoleon's Tomb, the Louvre, that splendid collection of modern pictures and statues to be found at the Luxembourg, stately Notre Dame standing apart on its island, or that gem of gems, Sainte Chapelle, under the shadow of the Conciergerie—prison of tragic memories! Madame Roland, Danton, Desmoulins, Robespierre and Marie Antoinette were all held prisoners here, and their cells may be seen to-day.

But such sights as these can only be properly appreciated if they are seen as interludes. To this end, take many rambles,

Parisian rambles; it is only so that the atmosphere of Paris can be felt. For instance rise in the early mornings and go to the great markets; those of flowers and birds are famous. A picturesque gathering can be seen any Tuesday or Friday outside the Madeleine. It almost feels as though the country had come to pass a day in the city, such is the strength of the scent of the fresh, sweet blossoms.

Does any one, I wonder, stand for the first time above the tomb of Napoleon without a certain sense of awe? It is so marvelously set forth. Picture, a great paved hallway, a circular, marble balustrade in the centre, beyond this an altar flooded with golden light from the windows in the niche. Look over the marble way. Beneath it, in a circular crypt, stands a tremendous sarcophagus hewn out of a single block of granite. This is the actual tomb of "the little Corporal." Twelve gigantic figures of Victory bearing as trophies the battle flags taken by

Napoleon from Austria, England and Russia, give a dramatic touch to what might otherwise have been sombre. At the door of the crypt are two more colossi in bronze. One bears a sceptre and an imperial crown, the other a globe. (Surely the sculptor should have added a sword?) The doorway is cast from the cannon taken at Austerlitz.

The strangeness and unexpectedness of the setting is most impressive. Tradition has it that this design was determined upon so that the highest in the world should be compelled to bow their heads before the tomb of France's hero. It was in the courtyard without that a great pyramid of flags and other trophies of Napoleon were burnt on the eve of the entering of the allies into Paris in order that such cherished possessions might not fall into alien hands.

Comrade and I crossed the wide bridge of Alexander III. and turned to look back at the gilded tomb, feeling that further deliberate sightseeing would be a kind of anticlimax. The Place de la Concorde, rightly

judged one of the finest spaces in all the world, lay before us. In one direction stretched the wide avenue of the Champs Elysées; at the upper end stood the Arc de Triomphe, the setting sun crowning its glory. We turned and faced the gardens of the Tuilleries. It was to this palace (two wings of which are all that remain) that Louis XVI. was brought by a mob to be installed in mockery. It was here, too, that Napoleon lived with Josephine, and the Empress Eugenie learnt that she must fly.

Shut your eyes for a moment as you stand in this Place de la Concorde. Here the guillotine was erected. Let the whirr of the ceaseless wheels die away and you may hear instead the click of the knitting needles of the women of the Foubourg St. Antoine as they watch the heads of the victims fall into the basket. It is terribly, literally true, that the very gutters have run with blood. Two thousand people have faced death on the Place de la Concorde by looking through the "little window" of the guillotine. Almost as many more were trampled to death,

in the same space, on the occasion of a wild panic at the time of the marriage of the Dauphin of France to Marie Antionette. What stories could the stones tell if they had speech! Tales of alien soldiers encamped here—German and Russian and English. Tales, too, of famine and pestilence. . . . Ah, there is black tragedy in Paris as well as glitter. Hardly a street but has some such memories. The sudden realisation of it oppressed Comrade, and we crossed to the Rue de Rivoli to distract ourselves with store windows, completed the cure by tea at Kardomah near the Louvre, caught the last airs of a military concert in the park, and then crossed the river to rummage among the book stalls and cases of relics that edge the banks between the bridges and are such a feature of Parisian life.

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Days go fast in Paris. Nights still faster. What is the charm of the place that despite well laid morning plans, nightfall will find half unaccomplished? With a

little energy it should be possible to climb the Eiffel Tower, visit the Sèvres porcelain factories, hear a mass at the Madeleine, drop in at a museum and wind up at the opera, after a drive in the Bois de Boulogne. But it is not. The monuments alone distract you from any settled plan. What other city in the world can show an equal number of groups impossible to pass? But then Paris is certainly a stage-like city. It is built for show—laid out and planned ruthlessly, and at the cost of many millions.

I have said the nights fly faster than the days. The whole drama of life passes on the boulevards. The wealth and glitter of it is seen at the *cafés chantants* on the Champs Elysées, chief among which is the "Ambassadeurs." The tragedy, in those who walk the streets, actors for the audience that sits until long past midnight, drinking black coffee at the crowded little tables on the side walks.

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Does any one leave Paris without making plans for a speedy return? It is so easy to

say it—so difficult to find the opportunity—and yet it sounds simple to “break the journey there again.” This was the bribe I offered Comrade to induce an immediate packing and departure for the South.

Fontainebleau was postponed. From all we had heard we had concluded that it could not be done in a hurry, time was flying fast. On our return from the Riviera, therefore, we decided to linger at Barbizon to rest and gather strength for a few more strenuous days in the most brilliant city in France—when one looks on the surface, forgets the past, and ignores the temperament that may bring tragedy again.

#### MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSE.

Room at three francs a night (seven nights) . . . .	\$ 4.20
Breakfast (one franc average) . . . . .	1.40
Dejeunés (usually one franc fifty) . . . . .	2.10
Dinners (four at two francs, three at five francs)	4.60
Extras, fares, entrances, tips and personal . . . . .	6.36

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\$18.66

## CHAPTER XV

MONTE CARLO—PENSIONS, HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS, ROOMS, PRICES AND LOCALITIES—THE CASINO AND HOW TO OBTAIN ENTRANCE THERETO—"THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO"—OUR DETERMINATION TO RIVAL HIM AND THE RESULT—CONCERTS, OPERAS, VARIOUS ENTERTAINMENTS—LEGENDS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PLACE.

"MONTE CARLO? My dear! Such a distance!" exclaimed many English people when they heard of our project. We laughed them to scorn. What to us was a railway journey of thirteen and a half hours' duration? And the speediest trains from Paris invariably reach the Cote d'Azur in this, their scheduled time.

The "season" in Monte Carlo begins early in November and endures until April. . . . This being so, we arrived to find the Siren City of the Riviera a kind of sleeping beauty. The drawing rooms in most of the great hotels were swathed in white drap-

eries, heavy shades shut out the brilliant sunlight, and branches of pine and fragrant herbs covered the few rugs that had been left upon the floors. The best shops seemed hermetically sealed. "English spoken here," inscribed on the windows of the few remaining open, meant nothing. If we inadvertently used that language it was received with shrugs and uncomprehending smiles—"Our English has not come yet." It is not to be wondered at, for few save continentals find their way south in the summertime. The English speaking races are at once the worst linguists and the greatest spenders.

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For those who love warmth and light there can be no fairer place even in the height of summer. Picture to yourself a tiny city of white palaces built on a high rock which juts out into the Mediterranean and is fenced off from the rest of the world by the barrier of the Alpes Maritimes.

Have you heard that Monte Carlo is "such a wicked place?" Without doubt it

must be. Its population, in the season, is enormous, considering the size of the place, and the great majority are men and women with a spice of recklessness in their blood. They are those who worship the Goddess Chance. People will tell you of 400 suicides a year in the little principality; of an annual press subsidy reaching into six figures, paid in order that tragic tales may be suppressed; and of other vast sums given to those who have stayed too long at the green baize tables, to the end that they may go back to their own countries. The administration desires above all things to keep down the numbers of those who annually find a grave in the suicides' cemetery on the hill, or a last resting place beneath the waters of the Mediterranean. But of this tragic side you need see nothing—*can* see nothing unless by some fluke of circumstances. It is all buried deeply. Forget, then, that it is there, and take the joys that are here offered to you in generous profusion. Never was such a place for fêtes! Especially if you are lucky

enough to arrive either at the beginning or end of the season and can stay long enough to catch a glimpse of both kinds of life. Ask for the "Monte Carlo Notes," issued by the Metropole, or you will miss half of these batttles of flowers, and confetti, to say nothing of the religious and commemorative processions; scenes that are sometimes enacted at dead of the night, and are unique of their kind, at least in the eyes of all who are not blasé.

The Casino, of course, is what attracts the majority. It stands on the plateau of rock known in the days of the Saracens as "The Plain of the Robbers," and is visible from afar.

Present your card at the bureau in the first hall, fill in the form that will be given to you—and the magic doors swing open. The entrance fee is *nil*. This "*billet*," however, must be renewed each day until the correctness of your behaviour is beyond doubt, when one for a longer period will be granted, though always upon the understand-

ing that it may be withdrawn at any moment, and without stated reason.

The same ticket gives admission to the splendidly equipped writing and reading rooms, (wherein are gathered newspapers from almost every civilised country,) and also to all the concerts except the "specials."

Let me give you one emphatic word of warning. Don't lose the charm of what a first impression may be by going direct to the Casino—unless, by chance, you arrive after dark.

Spend the morning rather in Old Monaco—in the gardens on the edge of the rock—or in the ancient palace of the Grimaldi wherein, until quite recently, reigned an American girl. In the afternoon rest on the sun flooded terrace of the Casino, listening to one of the best orchestras in all Europe. It plays in the gay kiosk at the other end of the upper terrace from the marble whispering gallery. You may sit at the café tables or else under the shade of palms and orange trees. When the sun

droops behind the Tête-de-Chien and tints the Alpes to purple, go you to dine at any of the famous restaurants you please. The Hotel de Paris, the Grand (if it be open) Ciro's, the Metropole upon the Gallerie Charles, or, if the demon of extravagance has not yet caught you, at one of the lesser lights—the Prince de Galles, Windsor, or that nearby and modest hostelry the Hotel de l'Europe. *Then* when night has fallen and the luck bringing fireflies sparkle in the orange groves, go to the Casino. . . . In the daylight disillusion waits on the threshold. The halls seem the resort of ruined gamblers and of those who can ill afford to lose. At night tragedy is forgotten, all is glitter and froth—play runs high as the hours go on.

With a growing sense of excitement we passed among the chattering, gorgeous groups in the nobly proportioned Atrium. Vague sentences concerning the place danced through our brain—"The plague spot of Europe" . . . the Siren of the World" . . . half remembered fragments of forgot-

ten tales recurred to us. . . . Stories of men who had won great fortunes and of others who had lost wealth, honor and life. . . . And everything seemed set to the tune of "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo! . . . . The doors swung behind us, and we were in the Casino. The many lights were ablaze. Those in the great crown-like chandeliers overhead and those in the heavy swinging lamps above the tables. It was the hour when the richness of the whole scene is best shown to advantage, when the hangings seem most silken, the pictures yet more delicate, the leather couches more mellow in tone and the inlaid floor more highly polished.

It was quiet in these magnificent halls, but not too quiet. Tension and strain come later, usually in the further red-hung room where trente-et quarante takes the place of roulette.

Here and there came a ripple of laughter from a gay group of friends. Some are walking about. Echoes of light badinage

reach us. Others are watching the players—the whirl of the revolving roulette wheel—the movements of the little white ivory ball—or the impassive croupiers as they rake in the lost money and pay out gold and silver to the winners.

Footmen in blue and silver liveries pass about, picking up this lady's handkerchief, gathering together a handful of dropped coins for another, or searching under a table for some unfortunate's last louis.

Disconnected fragments of many languages—French, Spanish, Italian and odd, unknown tongues—float on the warm perfumed air. The windows towards the Mediterranean are open, but the rhythm of music overpowers the murmur of the “tideless sea.”

Comrade and I sat on a luxurious couch and watched the scene before us with interest and amazement. Some men were in evening dress, some wore serge. Women passed in trailing silks, their bare throats sparkling with jewels. Others wore tailor-

built models. Some were white-haired, some seemed in the first dawn of youth.

Suddenly we became aware that the general attention was focussed about a certain table. Others became deserted by onlookers. We followed the greater number and saw a fair-haired boy, sitting with money in actual piles before him. Gold and silver lay in masses. Notes were in a pyramid full nine inches high. The ball spun and we watched breathlessly. The young player staked his coins, the ball ran on its frantic course—and once again the croupier paid out to the winner!

A spirit of excitement seized us.

“It’s only a five franc piece—that never feels like “real money,” said Comrade, emulating me as I opened my purse in a hurry. . . . We follow the lead of this young hero—we would win as much as he! . . . Visions of breaking the bank made our brains swim. The refrain of that erstwhile popular song sounded maddeningly loud. . . . Alas! We were too late! An un-

obtrusive man, who, watch in hand, had been standing behind the leading player, now caught him by the shoulder. . . . "Not another turn! We can only just do it if we run this second!" he cried. "The train goes in four minutes." The other sprang to his feet with an excited laugh. Between them they gathered up the money in handfuls, and, amid a chorus of regret from the habitual players who hate to see a run of luck interrupted by departure, the two rushed from the room.

"He will come back," said one croupier to another with a significant glance as he raked up the few coins the boy had not had time to snatch. "He has had the beginner's luck."

As the night wore on we caught yet more deeply the spirit of it all. Monte Carlo was for us a great stage. We found ourselves searching for the heroine among the fair women who floated by, queens of lightness and laughter. Which of the men was the hero? Should he be of the Antipodes—or

from the West—or a Briton from the “little island in the North Sea?” . . . And the villain of the piece? Was it this Spanish grandee, that king in mufti, or the Russian grand duke, once an exile on Siberian slopes, now a favorite at the court of the Great White Tzar?

(*Note.* Memorandum of expenses will be given at the end of the next chapter.)

## CHAPTER XVI

ON THE COTE D'AZUR—MENTONE, NICE, AND THE CAR-  
NIVALS—FISHING VILLAGES, MOUNTAIN WALKING  
TOURS, AND AN EXCURSION OVER THE BORDER INTO  
ITALY—A CASTING OF ACCOUNTS—RETURN TO LONDON  
—TOTAL MEMORANDUM OF EXPENSES.

OUR holiday is drawing to a close and the time has come for the casting up of accounts.

According to the calendar sixty-six days have elapsed since we first set foot on Europe. Judging by the number of new impressions we have received, I should write "years" instead of "days." If I measured the space by the way the time has flown I might well put "hours." In addition to these sixty-six days, fourteen were spent on the journey and a like number must be allowed for the return. Exclusive of the time we may spend upon the Riviera, our holiday will have lasted thirteen weeks.

I have put down the sums I have spent,

and I still have seventy dollars in hand from the original \$300 I set aside for this wonderful European trip. What must I add to this? Thirty-eight dollars for the return fare from England to the United States, something for incidental expenses *en route* from here to England—the actual fares are paid, thank Providence—another five might well vanish should we decide to spend an extra day or so in London. According to the rate at which we have been spending, our funds might almost last a month if need be. . . . Alas! Time is passing fast.

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Monte Carlo is a place where you can spend as much or as little as you please. Then, too, prices vary greatly according to the time of year. Three or four thousand francs will be asked in "La Saison," for a furnished flat that five dollars a week will rent at another period.

There is an immense variety of accommodation offered in Monte Carlo. Pensions

along the Boulevard du Moulin provide good board and lodging for seven or eight francs a day. You could live at the inexpensive hotels—such as De l'Europe—for ten or twelve. Furnished rooms can be had for five, seven and ten francs a week out of the season—near that time they are sometimes only obtainable for a period.

It is well to live as near the Casino as possible, not down the Condamine; that section, being lower, is not so healthy.

When exploring, in our first ecstasy of delight at being actually on the Riviera, Comrade and I had come upon a flight of cobblestone steps leading down from the Boulevard du Moulin. Midway was a narrow flagged corridor-like road, its name reminiscent of that period when Italy owned this mountain shelf. Desiring to ask questions we had opened a high gateway and so come upon a vine covered arbor where a white bearded old Frenchman and his wife were sitting at dèjeuner. The view was superb. The hill dropped away in terrace after ter-

race of orange trees and vines; below, were the red roofs of hotels and houses, but they seemed hardly noticeable. Beyond, glimmered the wide stretch of shimmering sea, with Corsica, a faint line upon the horizon. Old Monaco stood out to the right of us, cast into yet greater prominence by the dimness of the ranges stretching unto Spain. To the left was the long jutting promontory of Cap Martin, the blue line of Italy near-by. Behind us rose the spur-like Alpes.

Were not rooms in this quaint little "Maison Masson" infinitely preferable to what might be obtained in a spacious hotel? We secured them with difficulty and after much coaxing, for they were not usually let for a short period. Mine, with a tiny kitchen attached, was to cost seven francs a week. Comrade's was slightly cheaper. "Why, our money will last forever!" we laughed. It certainly would, if one went to market in the mornings, as do the French, and utilised the tiny kitchen, but not when restaurant meals must be paid for.

Prices in that direction are somewhat high. One to one franc fifty for breakfast, two fifty to three for dèjeuner, four to ten for dinner—and we resolved to test the handiwork of every chef in the place.

I have said that Monte Carlo is a place where you can spend as little as you like. Living in rooms ten dollars a week could be made to cover all expenses easily, seven or even five would suffice were strict economy enforced. Six times as much could be spent with as little trouble.

The first week of our stay we could hardly tear ourselves from the tiny principality. The second week we rambled further afield, climbing twice to La Turbie once on foot along the mountain stair-like path, a second time by means of the "Crémaillere," then rambled on to the deserted monastery of Laghet. This, until the order of expulsion, was a miracle shrine to which thousands came each year. Another day saw us in that interesting old town Villafrauca, a second in eyrie-like Eze, a third

at Grasse, famous for roses and perfume.

One of the most memorable of all our excursions was to the little villages of Peille and Peillon, set, as so many of these villages are (to safeguard them from the attacks of pirates) on what seem almost inaccessible peaks. Peillon is entered through a veritable gorge. We picniced on a flat plateau above a gurgling stream, and dreamed of the days when raiding Algerian pirates had made the choice of such spots necessary for the homes of those peaceably inclined. Had pirates met death at the drawbridge-like entrance under the huge rock? Oh, why cannot mountains speak! Peille is set yet higher, standing 2,000 feet above sea level, with a mountain towering behind it for yet another 2,000. We scaled these heights often in our too brief stay upon the Riviera and, so splendid is the air, that we never grew tired. Stand on Mount Aguille right behind Monte Carlo and you seem to have reached the edge of the world. Beneath, is a sheer wall-like drop into the

depths of a valley. Look behind you, and there are range and range of mountains (many shaded, according to the hour) stretching out towards Switzerland. The strange barrenness but adds to the weird effect.

Another day that will live long in my memory is one when after a scramble and a morning swim, we took books and flung ourselves down under the pines on the rosemary bushes and aromatic herbs that grow so thickly upon Cap Matin.

One of our most curious experiences came upon us entirely unexpectedly. We had climbed to Rocquebruna and its quaintness had captivated us; neither camera nor pencil seemed to do justice to the narrow alley-like streets, bound together by archways (on the principle that union is strength) because in the past earthquakes were of frequent occurrence. Tradition has it that Rocquebruna, like her sister villages, was originally located upon the summit of the mountain and that her present comparatively lowly position is due

to the effects of one of these disturbances. Be that as it may, our visit was made on a very hot day and we entered the church to rest. Suddenly, the tramp of armed men sounded, the great doors were burst open and priests came hastily forward as some soldiers, with a prisoner bearing a heavy cross in their midst burst into the tranquillity. We had all unknowingly stumbled upon a passion play. Perhaps, if we had come purposely, we should have seen the tawdriness and ineffectiveness unavoidable in such a situation. As it was, when we left the church it was in silence and with bent heads.

. . . . .  
“How can people stay at Nice when they could live at Monte Carlo?” Comrade and I asked each other on returning from a shopping excursion in the larger city. We brought with us memories of fine buildings and great hotels, a splendid promenade with picturesque casinos on piers, but to us, Nice was a city destitute of charm. Nice is only for those who wish to spend their days

in carriages. "Mentone is worth a thousand of it," declared Comrade, and I suddenly remembered that I had omitted all mention of the resort to which throng the thousands seeking health. We had gone to it by train, had been delighted by the well kept English and American quarter, and enchanted by the glorious views to be obtained up the valley of the Gorbio. A dozen photographs had proved inadequate to portray the quaintness of the "old town" clustering in a heterogeneous mass near the church which stands out as a thing so wonderful, probably on account of the extreme poverty of its surroundings. "Can there be," we asked as we stood in the tiny cemetery, "a burial ground as beautiful in any other place?" Beneath it, were red roofed houses and orange groves, the golden fruit already ripening upon the trees, behind it, rose the mountains, before, the glorious sparkling sea. On this same day of exploration we had walked to Italy—yea, *walked!* Does it not sound a feat? But

it is not far by the Via Corniche built by the great Napoleon. It is a curious sensation to stand upon the bridge across the silent gorge and to feel that here two countries meet. Gruesome tales are told of this Pont St. Louis. It is said that on occasions Monte Carlo's victims choose it as the site of their departure from this world, and that the governments of Italy and France have nearly severed diplomatic relations over discussions as to which was responsible for the burials when the bodies lay with the heads in one country and the feet in another!

•            •            •            •            •  
And now the days have fled—our time is up. We were torn two ways as to whether we should not grant another week to this wondrous Riviera and for its sake give up the further week in Paris, but the mail decided us. What hosts of "last commissions" friends do send! And so we packed regretfully, then sallied forth for one last glorious day in Italy. We had in-

tended to go as far as San Remo or Bordighera, but the frontier town of Ventimiglia caught us. Its memory is yet keen within me. Italian types, wonder-faced children, picturesque brigandish soldiers with cascades of shimmering cocks feathers falling over their broad shoulders, green shuttered villas, speaking of wealth, the squalor of the native Italian section and the wonder of that magnificent view up the valley of the Royale.

And now the train speeds! We look upward to catch a last fleeting glimpse of the grinning devils of the Casino . . . and are whirled into a tunnel. In truth we are homeward bound.

#### MEMORANDUM OF TOTAL EXPENSE

Previously spent in Europe, including fare from port of embarkation.....	\$214.58
Second half of return ticket.....	38.00
	<hr/>
	\$252.58

#### RIVIERA LIVING EXPENSES :

Room, fifteen nights.....	\$ 3.50
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Dinners, dejeuners and breakfasts (with some extravagant meals and a few coffees on the Terrace) .....	20.00
Tips, fares for side excursions and general incidentals .....	4.65

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\$ 28.15


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Total .....\$280.73

In hand for emergencies on the homeward way..\$ 19.27

So, for well under our \$300 apiece, we have had a hundred and nine glorious days! —The average cost of each, two dollars and eighty-two cents!

## CHAPTER XVII

AN UNEXPECTED WINDFALL—WILD DESIRES, MUCH DISCUSSION OF MANY POSSIBILITIES AND A SUPPLEMENTARY "PERSONALLY CONDUCTED" CRUISE—HINTS AS TO CLOTHES REQUISITE FOR A COMFORTABLE JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN—ARRIVAL AT NORWAY.

OUT of the skies it seemed to have dropped!

Comrade and I contemplated the letter in amazement. A hundred dollars! A hundred dollars each and extended leave of absence. Where could not twenty pounds carry us in this wonderful, economical Europe?

Silently we deserted our half-packed trunks and sallied forth to ransack the counters of the various tourist agencies.

A hundred dollars! There was but one way to spend it, and that way the way of travel. Then whither should we go? What new window should we open in our wonder gallery of impressions?

"Italy?" said Comrade faintly, as we

ensconced ourselves at one of "Slater's" tables and mechanically ordered "mock turtle soup" at fourpence a plate.

I gasped—then shook my head. We had had one brief glimpse of Italy, and instantaneous though that had been, it had proved that that land of poets and dreamers could not be scampered through in a fortnight. Some day we would come again, then Italy should have her due; we would devote to her a whole European holiday, not the last crowded fleeting days alone.

Which of us made the next suggestion? Who knows? Yet suddenly we both found ourselves breathlessly contemplating the idea of Norway.

Could we do it? But yes! Adepts in the manipulation of guide books and time tables we turned them over, scanning enticing advertisements, pouncing upon facts of time and figure, casting that aside for this reason, this, for that, until the field of selection was narrowed and possible to contemplate as a whole.

Should we "do" Norway as we had "done" other places? Land in it, and conquer it by the aid of national "cuteness," or should we go "personally conducted?"

Time was short, money certain, language, coinage and customs, unknown. We looked at one another and hesitated. Should we go by land or water?

"Water," so Comrade decided, dim remembrances of long past, vague rapturings, of friends influencing her mind. And so it fell about that we, taking all on trust, paid out our dollar bills in exchange for tickets in the hitherto scorned band of those who travel "personally conducted." But unless one is rich enough to charter an entire yacht there seems no other way to see the Norwegian Fjords. . . .

The wonder of Norway has swamped all memory of the reason why we descended upon "The Viking," but I remember vaguely that it was a combination of convenience of dates and economy of cash. Under "Polytech-

nic" guidance we were promised most for our money.

A thirteen day "Poly" cruise can be had for nine guineas, excursions cost £2.10 in addition. Then the fare to Grimbsy must be considered, incidental charges, tips, steamer chair hire, etc. So we calculated, with knitted brows, as we made our way along the crowded London streets to the Polytechnic headquarters.

Yes, it was as we had read, except for the fact that all the nine guinea berths were taken. Some had been booked a year in advance!

We compromised the matter by committing the extravagance of selecting the best cabin yet unsold upon the upper deck, and almost danced home to pack with the tickets in our pockets. We sailed in three days' time.

What we took with us matters little. What we should have taken is of the uttermost importance.

It sounds rather prosaic to say "What shall I wear?" the moment such a tour is

mooted, but after all, much of the comfort of the cruise depends upon one's clothes.

The guide books say: "similar clothing to that worn in England is all that is necessary" and merely add "a mackintosh is advisable." How maddeningly indefinite! Now for exactness and truth.

Take with you a complete set of light weight summer clothing, for in the Norwegian valleys the heat is excessive, but take also the thickest of thick things, an overcoat and a rug that will defy the keenest blast, and a mackintosh of such quality that five hours beneath a water spout will not affect it. With these things, a stout pair of boots, leggings, or waterproof boots to the knee, a pair of dancing slippers, a tarpaulin hat, cap that will not blow off, straw head gear of a kind, shady, but not too good, an umbrella and an alpine stock, you will be thoroughly comfortable in Norway.

The drives are cold, the walks hot. The valleys are sheltered, the mountain passes exposed, and it is always either very sunny,

or raining precipitately. A Norwegian tour is not one upon which you can go comfortably, if scantily equipped.

Above all, if you are a camera fiend you will want untold dollars worth of plates or films.

## CHAPTER XVIII

FIRST GLIMPSES OF NORWEGIAN WONDERS—THE  
BUKEN FJORD—THE BONDHUS GLACIER—CLIFFS,  
MOUNTAINS AND LAKES—OUR ANCHORAGE AT SUN-  
DAL—A NORWEGIAN FLOWER DECKED GLEN—THE  
FOGLEFOND—ONE OF THE FINEST SNOW FIELDS IN  
EUROPE—MERRY GATHERINGS ABOUT THE GYPSY FIRE  
—WALKS AND SCRAMBLES.

THE North Sea has rather a dread reputa-  
tion and it must be crossed ere Norwegian  
shores are reached. But if it can roar like  
a lion, it must also be remembered that some  
times these Northern waters are glass-like  
in their placidity. Then too, the hours pass  
swiftly. Leave Grimbsy at night and two  
thirds of the journey will be spent in sleep.  
Whatsoever may have to be endured in the  
brief waking hours even the weakest will de-  
clare to have been well "worth while"  
when Norway is sighted.

As for more fortunate individuals they  
rejoice in the brine in the air, watch for a

porpoise or a whale, envy the flying sea-gulls, explore the ship, sound the depths of their fellow passengers—and listen eagerly for the bugle that summons all to meals!

Then comes Norway! First a dim coast line across the smooth waters of the Buken Fjord, later, as the river-like waterways narrow, the mountains take shape and rise clear from the morning haze. Some are bare, jagged, ponderous cliffs, others are mountains, perpendicular to the water's edge and blocked with foliage of varying shades, here, the deepest, darkest green, there a vivid patch of emerald, broken perhaps by a huge boulder. And everywhere there are waterfalls. Some leaping and spreading, veritable cascades, white with spray, (like the magnificent Furebergfos) others, snake-like in their sinuosity, twisting, turning, curving, here lost to view down a deep cleft, there springing from a great crag, its rain swept top, gleaming silvery and worn smooth by running waters.

For the most part, these beautiful moun-

tains raising their crests two to three thousand feet above the fjords, are given over to the hardy Norwegian sheep or goats, but tiny "hamlets" of three to five houses occasionally cluster on habitable ledges within reach of the waters.

The fjords are the highways, and the tiniest children seem capable of managing a boat. It is a pretty sight to see three or four little maidens, ranging in age from seven to ten or eleven, clad in the picturesque Norwegian costume, rowing happily up some sun-lit fjord to pay a visit or go to church.

Higher and higher seem the mountains in their veil of mist and cloud as the Buken Fjord gives place to the Mauranger, and the yacht goes steadily on, seagulls swirling around us, vividly white against a background of mountain, cliff and water.

Sundal, where we anchored, proved a larger village than any we had seen yet. It lies on, what is, for Norway, a flat stretch of land in an avalanche racked valley, down

which rushes a torrent of troubled waters. On either side of the village rise the mountains, beyond, above the picturesque gathering of houses, where the mountains divide, rears the Bondhus Glacier—a white, frozen avalanche flung out in bold relief by the encircling hills. So weirdly deceptive is the atmosphere that it looks some half mile distant while it is in truth, more than ten times as far. It can only be reached after a merry combination of walk, scramble, climb and finally a row across the Bondhus Lake, which is a full mile and a half long, and almost unfathomably deep.

For the first two and a half to three miles the path is beside a wide ravine, down which, shut in by the mountains, flows a river leaping through mysterious channels, foaming, gurgling, raging, boiling, laughing and eddying all within the space of a few short yards. The rocks above the waters are veritably cushioned with moss and lichen; they are soft and springy to the touch. Amid them, near the tumbling, roaring,

rushing waters, grow delicate ferns, sheltered from the cold winds of the snow fields, by huge boulders which must have been hurled from above by some Titanic force in prehistoric ages.

It gives an extraordinary sense of peace among violence to see the tall pink fox gloves springing up from a rough, nature-hewn, moss covered rock, fragile blue bells quivering on their slender stems above the swirling waters, and everywhere the wonderful mosses—varying shades of green, yellow, brown and even pink—till each dell looks like fairy land, planted with spraying, shimmering ferns, and watered by a thousand gurgling rivulets. Their ripple is audible even through the roar of the waters which hardly ever ceases in Norway.

Then, suddenly, a wide flung natural barrier of rock curbs the torrent, and, with dramatic suddenness the restless fever and turmoil of it ceases. We emerge from the fairyland, scramble among barren crags, eye and hand and foot in league to find safe pas-

sage, and pause beside a still green lake, so smooth and so aloof from the foaming waters beneath that the effect is positively startling. Across it gleams the Glacier and above this stretches again the long white arm of the Foglefond—one of the finest snow-fields in Europe, a 40 by 9 mile stretch! Even the lightest chatterers fell silent and checked their incipient flirtations as the rowers plied their oars and we looked back towards the blue haze of the mountains with the grey-green fjord beyond, then forward to the Glacier, weird in its immovability, azure in the depth of the blueness of the great crevices. It is almost as if a tremendous, fantastic light glowed beneath the great frozen mass!

It was as though a mighty river had leapt downward from the impregnable fastness of the mountains to be caught in the fierce grip of the Great Ice King and so stilled into everlasting silence.

Then came the gay gathering about a gypsy fire to drink coffee prepared by the

advance guard of white capped officials, the pocketing of ginger-nuts to beguile the homeward route, the grouping of new found friends, and the glorious walk through a rose flecked valley to a merry evening of music and song, and a tranquil sail to a fresh wonder spot. So our precious days fled by. As for the nights they do not seem to count in Norway and were it not for the insistent "bells" one might well forget it were ever more than six o'clock. Comrade and I took snap shots till midnight was approaching!

## CHAPTER XIX

DOWN THE FJORDS—VIK—THE HARDANGER—NORWEGIAN RAVINES—AN INTRODUCTION TO STOLLJAERRES—A ROAD BLASTED FROM THE LIVING ROCK—SOMBRENESS OF THE SCENERY—OPPRESSIVE SENSE OF TRAGEDY—THE MARVEL OF THE VORINGFOS WATERFALL, WITH ITS STUPENDOUS LEAP.

VIK (pronounced Vek) is on the Eidefjord and offers an excellent base from which to start on one of the best of all the wonderful excursions in Norway.

In itself Vik is fascinating on account of its oddness and general aloofness from the tourist world. It is just a tiny collection of farmhouses with a shop or two among them, microscopic "general stores" providing for the moderate wants of a moderate people. There is absolutely no catering to the whims of visitors except the displaying of a few dozen picture postcards and a scant score of carved wooden articles in a

tiny shed perhaps six feet square. For the rest Vik seems unaware of its attractions.

The people, however, are friendliness itself and open wide the doors of their houses. They seem willing to escort you into their most private apartments and are proud to display every article of furniture they possess, from the baby's exquisitely carved cradle, and the inevitable spinning wheel, to the pots and pans in which the dinner is being cooked. Sometimes the furniture is well worth inspection and the escritaires and bridal chests should be worth a considerable amount could they be transported from these immaculately clean little farmhouses, (built on the edge of inaccessible cliffs at the head of winding mysterious fjords) and set down in a fashionable west-end shop.

The route to Vik is intricate, for the Eidefjord is the easternmost branch of the Hardanger Fjord and is enclosed by precipitous rocks. One icegirt mountain towers to the north full 6,000 feet high, and down its jagged side, from beneath its snowy

cap, innumerable waterfalls run and leap; some merely murmur, some ripple and laugh, but here and there one mighty stream leaps downward, adding its roar to the softer sounds—there is no silence in Norway.

After an hour or so spent in exploration of Vik itself and a short walk to the little white church which stands out on the moraine separating fjord from lake, the stolljaerres will have come in from every nearby village and farm and stand in waiting order, a long thin line disappearing round cliffs and appearing again and yet again on the heights forward, stretching out like an attenuated caravan. We mount, two and two, and start trotting briskly down hill, walking on the level and crawling up elevations as is the custom with Norwegian ponies. The way is through a ravine, down which races a wide river broken again and again by huge boulders among which the pent-up waters swirl and leap, adding to stress of their battle to the roar of water-

falls. Above, tower range on range of mountains, their tops now revealed, now hidden by drifting clouds and mist till it is hard to tell where the sky line begins. Beneath us, below the narrow roadway, irregularly fenced with small rocks, flows the maelstrom of waters. Here and there, beneath the shelter of some boulder, an insecure looking cage is built out into the torrent to shelter some adventurous fisherman. The grandeur of the ensemble is startling. The other stolljaerres are mercifully hidden from view, there is nothing to disturb the awe-inspiring nature of the scene when the roar of waters is suddenly dimmed and you pass through a tunnelled passage to emerge upon a passive lake, from the sides of which bare, precipitous, snow streaked mountains, tower upward for 6,000 feet and more. The storm and stress are gone with the moss covered rocks, the flower-carpeted dells cleft in the mountains—this is the “silence of the everlasting hills.”

For over four miles the road is cut from

the living rock, and nature has done her utmost to hide the work of the hand of man. The marks of the drill, are waterspouts, the blasted rocks are fringed with fern, even trees spring from the ledges, but they can do little to soften the gleaming water-swept perpendicular cliffs.

As the drive continues the wildness increases, till the sense of sombreness and tragedy—the vastness of it all—is weightily oppressive. Even the lightest most thoughtless chatterer falls silent as the bottomless, tranquil lake, gives place to massed rocks, yet more swirling torrents, and higher natural barricades, till at last the toiling ponies stop at the foot of a dark gorge. Up this, led always by white capped guides, we pedestrians plunge and scramble, drawn onward by the roar of the Voringfos in the distance. Louder and louder it sounds—surely it must be yonder, round that lichen-coated boulder by which a man is creeping finding cautious foothold aided by his alpenstock. The point is gained, the roar

is louder but the waterfall is not yet in sight. And so the narrow track continues winding in and out, now up, now down. Here you jump from stone to stone, there creep along the slippery trunk of a tree half sunken in the morass, here you climb, helped by strong hands, there you almost run against your will—and everywhere there is water—overhead, underfeet, booming before you, raging behind—and then—at last the stupendous Voringfos leaping downward from veiled heights in one immense spring of 520 feet! Small wonder that it's roar can be heard from afar, or that its spray rises in high rainbows from the seething cauldron of maddened waters, caught in a narrow basin, and surrounded on three sides by jagged perpendicular rocks.

Anywhere such a waterfall would be magnificent, but here, at the head of the narrow, scarce negotiable gorge, crossed by a long, slender, swinging suspension bridge, over which but one can pass at a time, the general effect is increased a thousandfold

and few could stand and watch it without a vivid realisation of the mighty forces of nature and the puniness of man. The whole is indescribable. Go! Go! Everyone go! so say Comrade and I.

## CHAPTER XX

A NORWEGIAN TOWN—BERGEN, ONE OF THE SURPRISES OF NORWAY—ATTRACTION OF THE SHOPS—WHAT TO BUY—EMBROIDERY FILIGREE SILVER, CARVINGS, FURS, ETC.—WHAT TO SEE—THE OPEN-AIR FISH MARKET, TOWER AND CHURCH—THEN A THOUSAND FEET CLIMB FOR A VIEW INLAND AND OUTWARD TO THE NORTH SEA—THE INNER LEAD—A SAIL BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

BERGEN is one of the surprises of Norway. By the time it is reached the dominant impression of the traveller is, that Norway is a land of tiny villages and wonderful scenery. It therefore seems quite uncanny, to awake (after the usual night's sail) off a flourishing town in which are consulates, post and telegraph offices, museums, exhibitions, banks, and bandstands! The first impulse is to shop—it is so strange to be able so to do! The second desire is to climb to the top of the hills that lie behind Bergen. To realise either it is necessary to get ashore, which is quickly done for the busy motor boats are

waiting, but once there, time flies. Boys are running about on the quays with plans of the town and its environs, ready made itineraries, programmes of fascinating "spectacles," and notices of "Tourist Bazars."

The town is built on a rocky crescent-shaped peninsula which is almost an island in effect, the whole is flanked by a range of mountains and in itself is a curious mixture of the ancient and modern. It is modern in the width of the busy streets, its cleanliness and activity; the fineness of its main buildings, the splendid theatre and big church; in the manner in which it caters to the whims of tourists with its attractive shop displays of filigree, silver, Hardanger embroidery, carved woods and photographs, to say nothing of the cups, spoons, tankards, Norwegian knives, models of Viking boats, and lovely furs from the sub-polar region, bear skins, fox, silver, red, white and blue, eider-down, seal, otter and a score more varieties rarely seen in other lands. It is ancient in the oddity of its open-air fishmarket, the

Haakonshallen (banqueting hall of the King); Rosenkrantz Tower; remains of mediaeval castles; and the old Hanseatic quarter down by the German Quay which is to-day as it was centuries ago. Other attractions are the churches, the big modern one in the heart of Bergen and the Stavekirke at Fantoft a little further out, a tiny building of the 12th century which has been brought from the Sogne district and here reconstructed and somehow looks as if it would be more in character in China.

Suddenly, shops and streets and hurrying people become oppressive after the silence of the mountains and the tranquil beauty of the fjords. Assuredly the 1000 foot climb to the Fløfjeldet must be undertaken and Bergen viewed from above. By the magic of the word "Fløie" the way is readily found, and we start up, now by steps and now by winding track, and at every yard stop to exclaim that here is the place for a photograph; nowhere can the view be more beautiful! Plates and films dwindle fast and the "best

view of all," has not been taken, for it is higher and yet higher. At last, at the so-called top, a little restaurant is reached, and here all save the most energetic stop to demand lemonade, ginger ale or lager beer, anything and everything to check the thirst produced by the mountain climb in the clear Norwegian air and bright sunlight. What a restaurant it is too, with its skin-hung, flag-decked walls and spacious vaulted roof, with pretty Norse girls in the national costume running hither and thither to attend to the customers, and posing to be photographed by those of the camera band who are possessed of sufficient audacity to ask the favour—and have sufficient plates left after photographing the magnificent panoramic view of Bergen, where fjord beyond fjord stretches away as far as the eye can reach, until checked by the faint blue line of the distant North Sea. Towards the mountains, a veritable chain of lakes can be seen each on a perceptibly higher level than the last and of a different tone.

But even after this, the glory of the Bergen part of the tour is not yet over, for the sail down the Hardanger Fjord and through the Inner Lead, is yet to come. The range of mountains on either side of the Hardanger rise to 3,000 and 4,000 feet, and on the plateaux above them the immense Foglefond can be seen, glittering in the sunlight, and flinging long white arms down into the cleft valleys. In these nestle tiny houses beneath earthen barricades, erected in the belief that when an avalanche descended it would strike the barricades and lean over them, across the roofs. Occasionally they do, but more often the small houses are engulfed and and buried beneath the débris.

Sometimes the fjord stretches two good miles across, sometimes the frowning barren cliffs are scarce two hundred yards apart, but gradually they give place to lower, tree covered, slopes, and then to a fringe of little islets sheltering the waters of the Inner Lead from the turbulent waves of the Northern Ocean. Here and there a light gleams out

from some small isolated lighthouse, and points the way down one of the innumerable fjords that open out on every side, like roads from a highway, or wander in intricate turns between high ranges of mountains topped by clouds, among which play many hued rainbows.

The only sign of life is given by the sudden flights of sea-gulls that swoop silently out from the shadow of some green or purple isle, giving an added touch to the marvellous scene where the full beauty of the world seems revealed, while the pain and cruelty of life is for the moment veiled—It is all primitive, natural, untouched by man, uninhabited by human beings with their weighty burden of sorrow and pain. The waters seem without motion, now they are green, now gold in the changing light; now silver with rose flecked rocks reflected from the sky above. One side of the yacht is in sunlight, the other in the radiance of the moon, for it is close on midnight. . . .

## CHAPTER XXI

SCENES ON THE WAY—NATIONAL COSTUMES OF THE GIRLS—A DRIVE ALONG THE MARGIN OF THE SANDVEN LAKE—THE TWIN WATERFALLS OF THE LOTEFOS AND SKAARSFOS—AALSUND DUTCH-LIKE AND MODERN—MOLDE—A NORWEGIAN HEALTH RESORT.

CONSIDERING how very much alike all Norway is, in the widest sense of the word, the amount of variety given on the various tours is surprising.

The whole country seems to have been explored by those with eyes to see, and excursions arranged in such order that the maximum of effect is produced. To those who *have not been*, each fjord town may sound much like another; every climb up the encircling alps differs little from that previous to it, but to those who *have been*, each stands out a thing apart. Take the day spent in the Voringfos district, for instance, where the sombre impressiveness of the

scenery is such that it makes you feel as though the glamour had been ruthlessly torn from life leaving the underlying intolerable tragedy of reality exposed. Then, in sharp vivid contrast comes the almost divine beauty of the Inner Lead, followed by a morning in a smiling, fertile valley, where surely naught but the happiest and most peaceful of lives can be led! From Odda the winding road runs beside a chain of lakes each divided from the other by natural barricades of rocks over which the waters gurgle and laugh. Homesteads nestle where they can, here in groups forming a village, there alone, perhaps on a tiny green island amid a lake or fast flowing river. And everywhere there are flowers. They grow even on the roofs of the farmhouses, springing up beneath the shelter of delicate birch trees, which occasionally find nourishment in the sodded turf above the door, while mountain geraniums, violets, pansies and the swaying foxglove and meadowsweet, flourish between velvet-cushioned, fern-fringed rocks,

Tiny wild strawberries shelter themselves beneath huge boulders and ripen in generous profusion.

The general effect of the whole wonderful picture is heightened when here and there, amid the green of birch and pine, there gleam the scarlet bodies of fair Norse girls in national dress, and their clear voices call to one another as they toss the hay upon "horses" where it is left to dry looking like a grass fence. It is curious to see these fences standing in straight rows across some boulder-strewn, precipitous, hill-side, or on an island hardly big enough to afford foothold to a fair-sized picnic party; for no fertile space is neglected in Norway though the majority of farmers seem to bring the reaped grass to the mainland to dry. It is pretty to see it being tossed upon an old Norse boat when gathered from a tiny islet above some rapids.

In the short Northern summer the valleys are very warm, but even on the hottest days perpetual puffs of fresh, pure, snow-

fragrant air are caught from the clefts in the sheltering mountains, where, beneath the icy barrier of some glacier, a group of small houses can be seen.

Such is the drive from Odda along the margin of the Sandven Lake across which gleams the white Buarbrae Glacier, another of the wide flung arms of the mighty Foglefond which tops the mountain range. Ten miles from the landing stage the spray-drenched bridge is reached that crosses the mingled waters of the Lotefos and Skaarsfos, twin waterfalls, which, starting as one, are divided in the middle of their downward course by a huge nose-like boulder, and meet at the bottom in a veritable whirlpool of water and foam. Across the narrow valley leaps yet another waterfall, the joyous Espelanfos, its origin hidden in the clouds.

Then after this morning of romance come Aalsund and Molde in quick succession, and they again are contrasts.

Aalsund is one of the towns which seem out of place in Norway. But this is owing

to the fact that it was totally destroyed by fire some five years ago and has been rebuilt in brick and stone under Government supervision. The result is, that it is Dutch-like in its practicability, besides being painfully modern. However, it affords scope for shopping to those not afforded sufficient opportunity in the flying hours spent in Bergen. For others, there is the view from Aalsundsaxla some 600 feet up it is almost the most magnificent of the varied panoramas obtainable anywhere. Aalsund is the commercial centre of this fishing-bank region, and lies at the mouth of a fjord on the edge of the North Sea, more open than any other fjord town on the west coast. Looking from the hills above it, one sees innumerable waterways down which ply busy little boats, sheltered from the sea by mountain ranges and chains of islands. Gazing straight ahead, instead of to right and left and inland, there is the sea in its blue-grey turbulence; the radiant sun makes all aglitter and flings out in bold relief the cleft sides

and sharp-cut fissures in every green hill and purple mountain.

After Aalsund, and a glorious sail, comes Molde, and here again is contrast. The sense of rush and push is gone for Molde is a health resort to which few but rich Norwegians wend their way. Curiously enough, though the little place lies three degrees north of St. Petersburg, one of its most striking characteristics in the luxuriant growth about it. It is spoken of as "The City of Roses" and they are everywhere, on the walls, in the gardens, climbing up trees and around the windows of the pretty villas. Molde offers no sign of the storm and stress of life as fought with the elements. The houses are peaceful happy homes clustering about a wooden cathedral which is a picture in itself; its dark red wooden walls and spire outlined against its background of tranquil hills. Again there are heights to climb, rose tinted water and chains of islets to attract the eye—and a tiny silver lake lying inland amid heather covered hills, a rippling brook gur-

gling through natural woods, and white fluff dropping from the straight, tall, cotton trees to be caught up by sleepy birds flying nestwards.

The impression of ruthlessness and torture given by the wild, stupendous heights and barren cliffs is gone. How wild imaginings are! Here all is tranquil—Nature rests and smiles! To-night we can join the dancers in the salon down below.

## CHAPTER XXII

THE VILLAGE OF NAES—THE VALLEY OF THE WITCHES  
AND THE ROMSDALHORN—DOWN THE WONDERFUL  
GEIRANGER FJORD.

THE impression of smiling nature gathered at Molde is well sustained when Naes is reached, its narrow, nose-like promontory runs far out into the still Romsdal Fjord in a most picturesque and effective manner.

First, for the sake of contrast, should come the exploration of the microscopic collection of houses and the couple of shops which compose the village. Then a climb up the steep cliffs to gather wild strawberries, ferns and orchids; then a walk along the side of the fjord, through fields of high, waving, meadow-sweet, blue bells, butter cups, lavender scabius and high up-standing, star-like daisies, till the flying hours send us back to find stolljaerres and start on the leisurely drive through the valley of the Ravma. We

pass the towering Trolldtinder—"Witch Pinnacles"), raising their peaks 6,000 feet and more, the Mjølneir, known as "the steepest mountain in Europe, and see the sharp outline of the Romsdalshorn reflected in the pent waters of the Rauma before it again rushes on its way through groves of birch, pine and ash, past tiny villages. And so we go onward to the posting station of Horgheim.

This little place consists solely of a small inn-like house with its tables apparently perpetually spread with the usual Norwegian edibles, smoked beef and jerked reindeer sandwiches, biscuits, cheese in enormous variety, and hot coffee. It is built close beneath a towering mountain range, and waterfalls seem almost to play upon its roof! Before it, is a broad stretch of the Rauma, hidden from immediate view by fields of waving grain and a ridge of drooping willows. In the immediate vicinity, too, there is a curious snow grotto—a low lying patch of whiteness hollowed underneath as much

by the action of the serpent-like waterfall playing on it from the heights above, as by its own latent warmth.

Again, as we drive along the curving road, the clouds dip down into the valley, now concealing, now suddenly lifting to display the high, weird outlines. Sometimes the sun strikes on the jagged cliffs above the clouds, sometimes a laden mass of storm-laden cloud obscures all; but in the low lying valley itself there is peace and fertility, and, for Norway, abundance.

Perhaps because of this, and because the dominant note of the scenery is park-like, Naes, even taking into account the grand surrounding valleys, does not seem typically Norwegian. The short stoppage here is an interlude, the real Norwegian tour continues when once again the yacht is under way and drifting slowly down the marvellous Geiranger. Now it is narrow, now wide, now with innumerable openings on every side, each showing fresh vistas of loveliness, each offering the allurements of the Unknown—

now a straight way, mountains behind, mountains before. The turns are so abrupt that it seems incredible that a boat should be able to pass through the mазings. That mountain behind is just on the stern, tremendous in its close proximity! Yet surely another five minutes will bring a mighty crash—we must collide with that ahead!

The horn sounds and marvellous echoes are flung back from range after range, it is almost as though we were tooting for the mountains to recede! So close are they, and so intricate the way, that it is impossible to tell whence we came or whither we are going. But the tortuous channels widen as we brave them, and when we steam straight at a mountain, and it towers above, weirdly overshadowing in the mist, its snow-flecked sides and icy cap looking rose and lavender in the late sunlight, it breaks away suddenly, and we pass through almost meeting portals.

Again, as on the Inner Lead, white sea-gulls swoop out from the fastnesses, and the

few occupants of tiny villages and solitary light-houses (in lonely aloofness from the world), wave greetings to us as we pass slowly onward, seeking yet more wonders.

It is the awe-inspiring silence that adds to the impressiveness of such a scene. On this marvellous Geiranger, for instance, the only sound is the occasional dull roar of a waterfall as it goes leaping downward to join the tranquil waters of the clear fjord. Of these, one at least will surely live forever in the memory, though more for its setting than for its individual beauty. This is the Seven Sisters,—a silver-grey veil of gleaming waters on a sharp, outline of high cliff—a vision caught as a sudden sharp turn is made, and waterfall and fjord meet in a long perpendicular line.

And then, as a climax to the wonderful day comes Merok lying straight before us at the head of the mountain encircled fjord. It is as though it faced upon a lake. The centre-piece of the village is of course a waterfall and it gurgles from afar, leaping

downward in foaming white cascades, gathering energy as it goes its full 5,000 feet till its turbulent stream rushes out in vain endeavour to ruffle the imperturbable waters of the Geiranger. It almost deadens the voices of the singers in the little white octagon church, on its tiny level plateau. Around this clusters the village with its background of foaming fall, tree-clad slopes and snow-flecked mountains, their fissured sides racked by watercourses. The incredibly still fjord with its unfathomable depths girt by snow-capped mountain ranges, mirrors the whole.

## CHAPTER XXIII .

FROM OIE TO HAUGEN—ON BY YACHT TO TOSSE—THENCE BY STOLLJAERRE — OVERLAND TO NORHEIMSUND, THE LONGEST AND MOST UNFORGETTABLE DRIVE OF ALL—A LAST VIEW OF THE WONDERLAND OF NORWAY—MEMORANDUM OF ACCOUNTS FOR ENTIRE CRUISE.

THERE is little in Oie to forewarn the traveler that the drive to Haugen will be in any way different from those taken on the previous days.

Oie is a village, smaller, if possible, than the average Norwegian village. It lies in a green valley, backed by towering mountains with a snowfield spreading over the plateau above them. Before it, as before Merok, lies a land-locked fjord, the narrow way apparently blocked by jagged cliffs. From the surrounding heights waterfalls thunder and roar, but whence they come it is difficult to see, so dense are the veiling clouds.

As usual, stolljaerres are waiting in long

caravan-like rows, word of our arrival having spread swiftly. We mount, two by two, as is the Norwegian custom, and join in the cavalcade as it goes wending its way, now on this side of the water, now on that, on and on in an interminable line; though, so twisting is the road, only two or three stoll-jacres remain in sight at a time, and occasionally one seems solitary amid the mountains. Then, suddenly the whole character of the scene changes, tree covered hills and snow-capped mountains are left behind, flowing, leaping cascades are forgotten, ferns, flowers, mosses, the thousand softening flung over crudities by the changing seasons, are gone, and we are amid bare Nature bereft of ornament, her naked violence boldly exposed. Here, so short a time ago as 1908, stood a Norwegian village in a fertile valley, turf and flower roofed houses, hay-hung fences, fronting on a winding roadway along which children ran laughing beside the cavalcade of tourists who throng to this wonderland of rivers, mountains, gla-

ciers, sun and cloud. To-day the erstwhile fruitful valley is a lake into which the winding road disappears abruptly, its whiteness showing beneath the chill waters. The flower-decked roofs of the homes alone are visible, the rest are completely submerged in the lake, which was formed in three May days.

Norway is noted for the appalling suddenness with which such disasters occur. Traces of the ruin wrought by avalanches are visible in many places, but here, the devastation is seen before a beautifying hand has covered the rawness. The force of the avalanche can best be realised as one looks across the valley and sees the tremendous natural barricade of far-flung, high-piled rocks and boulders, which stretches from side to side. To the right, a narrow space has been cleared and a new patch of roadway built to join what is left of the old. The tiny stolljaerres look like flies as they climb among the Titanic débris.

The hurled rocks lie massed high up the

split mountain side and along the ridge of the gulley, and all looks barren until a sudden turn reveals luxuriant nature again, when it seems almost impossible that ruin can exist in such close juxtaposition to plenty. Even on the return journey the same sense of unreality, and strange contrast exists when comes the sudden turn, and the result of the tremendous upheaval is once more plain to the eye. The scene leaves its indelible impression. Having seen it, it is impossible not to wonder what the rounding of the next projecting boulder may bring into view; while the sudden roar of a sliding avalanche somewhere among the snowfields causes a tense pause and an instinctive sense of disaster. Somewhere, amid the heights is yet another peaceful village being engulfed?

Haugen itself is insignificant, being merely a small refreshment house, but for those sufficiently energetic to attempt the climb to the snowfield above it, there is any amount to do in the scanty time afforded, for distance is always deceptive in Norway and

close as the snow line looks, to reach it means an hour's struggle.

Setting aside the goal, the ascent is well worth while. Every yard brings a new panorama into view and the main grief is that every available make of camera is not at hand at once, so many kinds and sizes, speeds and shapes seem required to enable the camera-fiends to take home all the much desired views.

Then, when the eternal snows are reached, there is yet another point to be gained, for who that has climbed so far is content but to gather the snow anemones that nestle among the whiteness, beautiful though they be? There is a summit above, and the desire of youth to go higher, and see more, is still strong. At last the heights are gained, just as the tardy sun dips behind the mountains; he dyes the waters of the cup-like lake which nestles in white solitariness amid the snow covered encrusted slopes.

. . . . .  
And then comes Tosse, the last port of

call. Tosse, and the magnificent drive across the mountains, through the Tokajel and over the high pass of Kvamshaug to Norheimsund to rejoin the yacht which thence must sail for home.

Certainly satiety is not yet. Or is it that even the most jaded can be stirred again? Despite what we have seen the long drive from Tosse to Norheimsund seems, for sheer grandeur, to be the most marvellous and exciting of the many we have had in Norway.

It is one of the few where we are high on the mountains, the depths beneath us being greater than the heights above: first comes a serpentine, curving roadway, up a narrow gorge steadily ascending for eight miles. Part of the way it is but a widened ledge of a precipice, part is tunnelled through the living rock. Sometimes the turns are so sharp that it has been found necessary to blast window-like apertures to give light. Sometimes the edge of the narrow roadway, as well as being outlined by boulders, in the usual Norwegian way, is girded by iron rails

which bind these rocks together, and from the stolljaerres it is possible to look sheer down the perpendicular side of the gigantic cliff to the dark gorge, at the bottom of which flows one of the perpetual streams of Norway. Lake and river and waterfall succeed each other as we climb yet higher. Sometimes the view beneath is blocked by clouds, and the heights above are completely concealed. Sometimes the weird mists lift to disclose a silver lake gleaming far below us amid rain-swept mountains. The roar of a great waterfall thunders above the noise of the hoofs of the horses as they trot across the bridges spanning the dark ravine. The sound increases in volume as we near the end of the wondrous drive and suddenly the Ofsthusfos comes into view, a rising column of thick, soft white spray mingling with its waters. It springs so far out from the cleft mountain side that it is possible to walk behind the tremendous downpour.

The Ofsthusfos is our last Norwegian

waterfall. A couple of miles further on lies Norheimsund amid charming pastoral scenery in curiously sudden contrast to the majestic, rugged, ravine, and mountain pass, which have made the day's journeying; and there, on the smooth blue waters of the fjord lies the yacht. . . The Norwegian tour is ended. Behind us are the mountains and the snow-fields, before us stretch the grey blue waters of the North Sea. Close around us the mists and driving rain blot out the glittering peaks of the Foglefond, the Fjord and the circling gulls. . . .

Norway has gone as if it had been a mere dreamland of wonders.

Yes, we are homeward bound, en route to our own far country, the stronger and the wiser for our journeyings, in foreign lands. The world is so much more vast than we had known!

There have been strenuous days on mountains and in valleys, in sunlight, rain and snow. Merry nights of dancing and of song,

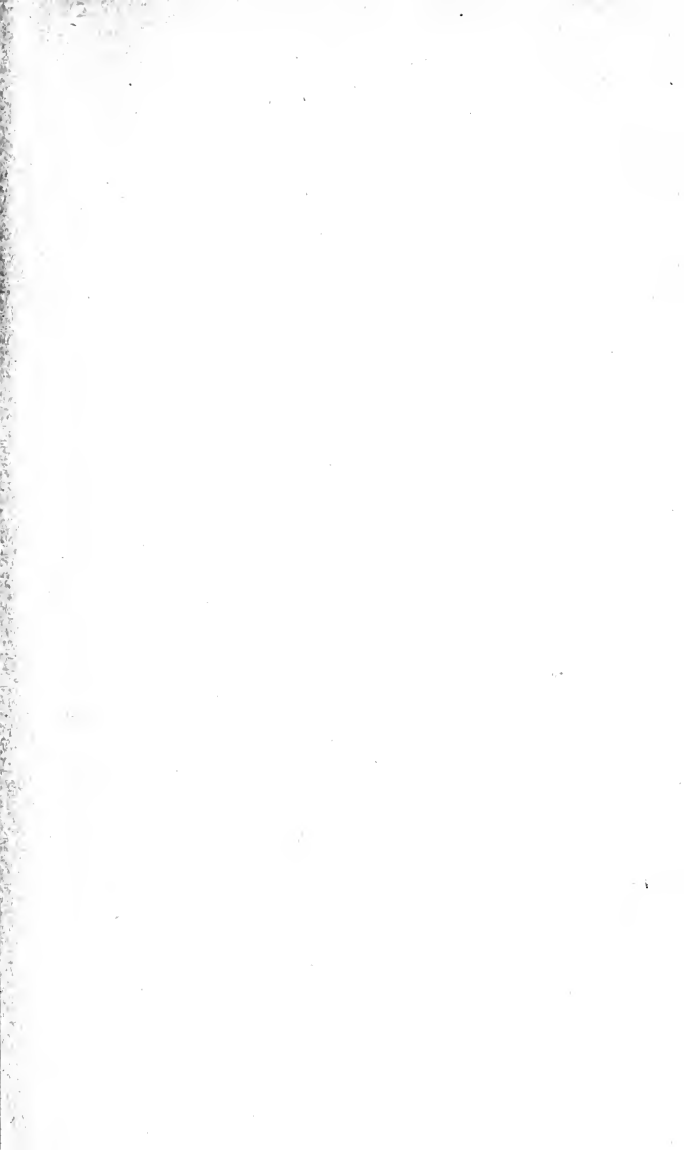
to an accompaniment of rippling waters. Friendships have been begun—more than friendships for some of us! And through all we have been guarded, thought for and cared for, by a body of stalwart, white-capped men. In fair weather and foul weather, they have smiled and laughed, making difficult ways easier by quick outstretched hands, and merry joke, though oftentimes they must have been weary, and the burden of our lives and limbs was theirs. Such responsibility must be heavy, indeed, in the land of the Norsemen!

And the cost of it all?

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